NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic Literature, the Sciences, Religion, the Fine Arts, Agriculture and Commerce, the Amusements and Fashions of the Day, &c. &c.

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MISCELLANIES.

[From the Genius of Temperance.]

The following lines were prompted by reading
he horrid account of cruelties described in a late
umber of the Genius of Temperance.

"A thundering wail is heard."
Eurip. Phaen. c. 1054.

I dreamed that on a western hill I stood—
hill that watches where the sun goes down—
nd saw the giant of the skies retiring
glory to his bed—the western wave.
nd, as he passed, I hailed the aged monarch,
nd said, "O sun, what hast thou seen to day?
hat sights of happiness—of mis'ry what?"
nd he, replying, said—(I stood and wondered,
ot daring on his heavenly face to look,)
've seen much happiness, for God is gracious:
e 'on the just' his choicest blessings pours,
nd even 'on the unjust' sends, benignant,
full many showers of mercies. I have seen
he husbandman go out to labor, singing
Contentment's song. I've seen the smiling harvest
ising to meet his hopes and pay his toils.
've seen his home—like Paradise, when first
he morn of Adam's happiness beamed on it—
wife so lovely, babes so innocent,
hat earth's best blessings seemed to centre there.
've seen the busy village, and the city,
Where gathered wealth, finds by a thousand channels
ew means to bless mankind. I've also seen,
And angry clouds, from up the west arising,
roclaimed a tempest near,) I've also seen
uch misery—The armies joined in battle,
he shock, the falling ranks, the vict'ry won,
he battle field, where, satiate with the carnage,
Death's dreadful angel had retired awhile.
he widow and the widow's boy were there,
earching, among the mangled flesh and bones,
or what they once had husband called, and father.
he frantic maid was there, whose blue eyes stream'd
ove's last but bitterest flood, while on the clay
hat once had been her lover, she arranged
he vestment taken from a neighb'ring corpse.
rue, this was sad, but far more sad the sight
f those who sought their friends among the living,
here liquid death mocks at the play of battle.
saw the more than widow seek her husband
mong the bacchanals—she found him out,
nd said, 'when will you come and visit us—
our wife and daughter—for we have no bread.'
e turned and looked a look that froze her heart,
nd then, relenting, offered her the glass
o cheer her spirits! I have also seen"—
And on his face he drew a veil of clouds,
nd in the rolling thunder told his story,)
I've seen the manacled and wretched slave
o down to take his punishment. The scourge,
ade at the shop where Patience, wearied sat,
nd told Invention how to braid the thongs,
Was brandished in the air: The slave cried out,
Good master spare, O! *am I not a man?*'
ot cried in vain, the whip went gaily round
Till forty stripes save one' were fully told.
woman came:—They heard the earnest prayer
hat nature prompted. O, stupendous mercy!
hey stripped her not; but well the lashing told
hat not gratuitous might she preserve
er last remains of right."

He said and sunk
Beneath the troubled waves. The storm passed on,
nd silence reigned, and heaven seemed to hold
consultation on the affairs of men
nd gazing upward, at the bright expanse,
heard a voice—"when that fair moon is turned
o blood, when yonder stars have dropped, like figs
efore the time;—the sons of Africa
Shall be remembered, and their mighty wrongs
Shall be redressed." *M.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

PREVENTION OF FORGERY.—The Lord Mayor of
London received a letter containing a plan for pre-
venting the issue of forged checks and bills. His
Lordship stated that though the communication came
from a person who appeared to have got into disgrace
by some means or other, the suggestion seemed to be
well deserving of consideration. The following is a
copy:

"My Lord—Observing by the papers that one of
those forgeries so injurious to society has been just
completed, I beg leave to say that I have been speak-
ing to Coster on the subject of his nefarious practices,
and in the course of our conversation, I asked him
what he thought of a plan which I, for a long time,
had entertained as effectual against forgery viz:—
Every person requiring a check, for instance, to have
a private system of numbering, as follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10,
CUMBERLAND,

and to have it in water mark in full on the paper;—
then when drawing on his banker say, 'Pay BER:
Mr. £56. Coster himself said, that if it were prop-
erly managed no ingenuity could foil it without a con-
federate in the confidence of the parties about to be
robbed. My love of social order induces me to offer
my simple aid for its benefit, although I fear from the
suspicion of my pollution and other circumstances, I
shall be ever hapless and cheerless in myself, in con
sequence of a wrong suspicion attaching to me."

There is a pleasant anecdote of Lord Howe, who,
before his great battle with the French, when the
British sailors expressed a wish for a little more grog,
replied, "Let 'em wait till it's over, and we'll all get
drunk together." An incident quite as characteristic,
occurred on board Commodore Stewart's frigate after
an engagement with the British corvettes, the Lev-
ant and Cyane. The two captured British command-
ers were sitting with the Commodore in his cabin,
when a sailor entered and asked whether the crew of
the frigate could not have their allowance of grog.
"Why," said the Commodore, "grog-time is past.—
You had your allowance before the fight." "Ay,
ay," replied the sailor, "that's true; but we turned
the riggens over, and swore no man should taste a
drop till them there two Englishmen were taken."—
National Gaz.

OIL AND YAW. A Frenchman and a German had
one nuuage between them for supper. The question
was how it should be divided. 'Let usent it in two,'
said the Frenchman. 'Rather,' replied the German,
'let each of us take an end between our teeth; and at
a given signal pull for our portion. 'Agreed!' exclaim-
ed the other. The sausage was seized; and each fix-
ed his teeth into the end that was nearest him. 'Are
you ready? asked the German. 'Oui' replied Mon-
sieur, through his clenched teeth—*ates vous?* 'Yaw!'
ejaculated the German, giving the signal, and drop-
ping both jaw and sausage in the necessary open ejac-
ulation of the word. Thus the sausage fell wholly to
Monsieur a lot.

Two gentlemen conversing on the subject of Ire-
land, one of them pronounced the inhabitants "a set
of blockheads," to which the other replied by saying
that he thought they were quite the contrary—how-
ever, it was agreed that the question should be decid-
ed by putting an interrogatory to the first Irishman
they met. After walking a short distance, they came
in contact with the object of their search, and placed
him between them, when the following dialogue en-
sued:

Question. Paddy, if the devil were to come upon
us now, who would he take of us three?"

Answer. By my sowl, your honors, he would take
me.

Quest. Why do you think so, Paddy?

Ans. Because he can get your honors at any time,
sure.

A tipsy preacher in Dumfries, Scotland, was say-
ing from the pulpit—"What was it, think ye, gude
people, that swallowed Jonah? It was nae horse—
it was nae cow." "I suppose," said an old woman,
"it was a whale, your reverence." "I suppose,"
replied he, "you are a fool; you might as well take
the bredo out of my mouth as the word of God."

JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

A hyperbolical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over
his door, "Let nothing evil enter here" Diogenes,
wrote under it, "By what door does the owner come
in?"

Being asked what was the best hour for dinner, he
replied, "For the rich, when they please; for the
poor, when they can."

Seeing a wicked boy throwing stones at the gal-
lows, he said, "well aimed, boy! you will hit the
mark at last."

He called Mr. Cock a bad singer; being asked the
reason, he said, "his notes are the signal for a gen-
eral rising."

When told that his countrymen, the Synopians,
had sentenced him to banishment, he replied, "I have
condemned them to a worse punishment—to stay at
home."

Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself, on
an olive tree, he exclaimed, "O, that all trees would
bear such fruit."

One lawyer unjustly charged another with theft:
Diogones being chosen umpire, condemned both, de-
claring that the accused was a thief, but the accuser
had lost nothing.

Seeing the son of a courtesan throwing stones at a
crowd, he called out, "Take care, boy, lest you hit
your father!"

Hearing a handsome youth speak foolishly, he ex-
claimed, "What a shame to see a leaden sword drawn
from an ivory scabbard!"

Seeing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and
sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of
safety.

[From the Louisiana Advertiser.]

OH! THAT MY FRIEND WOULD TAKE A NEWSPAPER.

'John! Oh, John!—do you hear? Run to neigh-
bor Liberal's and ask him if he will oblige me by
the loan of this morning's paper a few moments
just to look at the ship news and advertisements.'

'That's just what I said yesterday morning dad-
dy, when I went to borrow the paper, and you
know you kept it two hours, and he was obliged
to send for it.'

'Well then say something else to him John, do
you hear John? and give my compliments John, do
you hear?'

'Yes daddy.' *(exit and returns.)*

'Well John, have you got the paper?'

'No daddy, neighbor Liberal is walking about
the room, waiting for Mr Newsmonger to finish
reading the Louisiana Advertiser, or Mr Longwind
to drop the Gazette; which he has got almost
asleep over.'

'But has not the Argus and Mercantile come?'

'Yes, daddy, but Mr Neithersides is reading one,
and Mr Scribelerus is laughing over the funny
piece he told you he was going to have published
in the Mirror, and I believe he has read it twenty
times over.'

'This is provoking; I wonder why they don't
take the paper themselves, and not be troubling
their neighbors.'

'Why don't you take a paper daddy?'

'Why—why—if I did I never could get a chance
to see it. An impertinent set of spongers! go again
John. There must be one out of four liberated, and
I know it will give neighbor Liberal pleasure to
gratify me only for one moment.'

'Well, John, what success?'

'Can't get a paper, daddy, Mr Liberal has got the
Mercantile Advertiser away from Scribelerus, and
Mr Doolittle is looking over his shoulder while he
reads it, and he'll want it next.'

'This is beyond all bearing; it is now seven o'
clock, and I suppose I shall have to wait till after
breakfast before I can get the news and who the
d——l *(in a violent passion)* would give a sumark-
ee to read a newspaper after breakfast. Do you
hear John, go again John, and wait till one or the
other of the papers is out of the hands of these gor-
mandizing monopolizers, and be sure to catch it
John, and I will return it instantly——do you hear
John?'

'Yes daddy.' *(Exit.) Enter Mr Swallow.*

'Good morning neighbor Eagerness—any thing
noo?'

'New! fire and faggots, I have sent a dozen
times to Liberal there, to request the loan of his
paper, only for a moment, and he has the impertin-
ence to refuse me!'

'Refuse you!'

'Not exactly refuse me, but he permits such fel-
lows as Longwind, Neitherside, Scribelerus and
Newsmonger, to pore over them for hours, not only
(through mistaken courtesy) depriving himself, but
his neighbors from getting early intelligence of
what is passing in the world.'

'My goodness! be they reading 'em now?'

'Yes.' (sighing.)

'Well that's abominable! Why don't you take a
Noospaper yourself?'

'Why don't you take one? you are always in-
quiring after Noos as you call it.'

'Why I did take one, but the printer don't leave
it at my house any more, 'cause I hackeled about
the price, and wood'nt pay him.'

'That's a good reason for the printer, if it is none
for you. Well John, did you get the paper?'

'No daddy, jurt as that Mr Neitherside was done
in came Mr Hookit, and Mr Nabit and I came
back.'

'Confound my ill luck,—go back, do you hear?
and ask Mr Liberal if he will be kind enough—do
you hear? kind enough to lend me any northern
paper he may have, or if he has not one ask him to
lend me yesterday's paper again, or the day before
or the day before that, or last Saturday's or, do you
hear? any of the last week's papers, do you
hear?'

'Yes daddy.'

'I am determined on going right away to sub-
scribe for a newspaper; I will not be so pestered
with the trouble of borrowing from unaccommodat-
ing neighbors.'

'You are right, Mr Eagerness, the printers only
ax two dollars right down, and then you have a
whole year to pay t'other two dollars in, and then
you can dispute the bill, and they will send the
noospaper three months after that afore it is settled
—them folks what brings the paper always throws
it where it was taken, never thinking that the sub-
scriber is done over.'

'Here comes John—well John, have you got the
paper?'

'No daddy, the neighbors borrowed all the old
papers, and Mrs Parrot sent to get all the morning
papers as soon as they were done with.'

'The devil she did—then I may hang up my fid-
dle till sun-down, for when she begins to read 'tis
from alpha to omega. Give me my hat John. Nev-
er mind breakfast; Mr Swallow, will you accom-
pany me to the printing office? I will subscribe
immediately; four dollars, did you say? I will give
twenty four dollars before I would suffer such im-
pertinence. If I lend *my paper* I wish I may be
d——."

From the Daily Troy Press.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I am a lover of the midnight hour. I love to sit
on a cloudless summer's night, watching the heav-
ens clustered with tremulous stars. I love to gaze
upon the serene queen of night, as she progresses
along the azure vault, shedding floods of mellow
light upon the world below. The effect is magic-
al and subduing. Every thing that is touched by
her silvery beams, is softened and etherealized.—
Then the soul sympathises with the grandeur that
nature displays.

To me there is nothing so sublime and impres-
sive, as the silent and quiet midnight hour—and to
reflect that in this deep and universal hulk, the
stupendous globe, and the vast number of flashing
worlds that stud the blue canopy of heaven, are
performing their various revolutions under the
guidance and direction of Him, at whose fiat they
sprang into existence. At such a time, the soul is
disengaged from every artificial excitement, and
an opportunity is afforded for it to speak its own
bold and original language.

Society hath its charms. There is a pleasure in
the flash and glare of fashion and beauty; and un-
der their thrilling influences, those with unwither-
ed hopes, and unblasted expectations, may tread
boldly on. But it seems to me, that if by some un-
toward accident, the conviction should fasten itself
upon me that my last had come, I should require
no sublimer preparation, than time spent in the
perfect solitude—the vastness, the grandeur, and
glory of the midnight! hushed, quiet, beautiful
midnight! What deep and absolute silence broods
in the air, and over the earth—upon the deserted
street, and upon the temples of the living God.—
Is not this a dream? Will it appear otherwise
when the daylight shall have come? when we shall
go out and pursue the ordinary routine of busi-
ness; and the street that is now deserted, shall
tremble as the wheels thunder furiously over it,
and its dusty tracks be thronged with avaricious
men, crying money! money! Will this dim
moonlight hour appear to us then any more than a
dream?

And indeed, what is our life, but a dream? Ah!
'tis nothing more. He, who but yesterday roved
the forest with us, gathering wild flowers, listen-
ing to the songs of birds, or watching the brook—
bright and sunny daughter of the hill—leaping and
bounding in its joyous way along the banks of em-
erald—pouring over the tiny cataract, its bright
waters sparkling in the sun light—meandering
through the vale, till it finally loses itself in the
bosom of the silvery lake—has had his life's blood
chilled by the touch of the cold and bony finger of
death. What is left of him—but a dream?

She, by whose side we used to spend our leisure
hours; whose presence was our joy; whose smile
our happiness; whose eye was not exceeded in
brightness by the eye of the gazelle: whose sylph-
like form was unrivalled for beauty and symmetry
—has departed! Does she seem aught but a
dream?

She who once loved us—whose eye followed our
every movement with tenderness and anxiety—
upon whose breast we reclined—from whose lips
we received instruction, and by whose knee we
used to say our evening prayer, rests upon her
lowly pillow. Does she not seem as a vision,
the recollection of which is pleasing, yet mourn-
ful?

Hark! the clock strikes one—two! Does the
breeze waft the sound to other ears? Who also
beside is now awake?

The student upon whose pale brow the cold
sweat stands; whose blood shot eye tells of deep
and intense thought, is now poring over his books,
regardless of present ease—hoping for future
fame.

But alas! all the treasure of knowledge, which
he has for years been laying up, may be destroyed
to-morrow by the breath of the monster.

And the debauchee stretched on a bed of flame
—through whose veins the mad fever runs—whose
burning temples are kissed by the breezes in
mockery.

And the wife who waits the return of him she
loves, from the gaming house—the counterpart of
hell.

And the young mother who wakes and sighs for
the lovely babe she has buried.

And the follower of Bacchus, who is revelling
in some den of vice and ribaldry.

And the slave who starts in his sleep, shakes his
chains and mutters revenge.

And the wretch immured within the dark prison
walls, whose hands are red with gore, who to-mor-
row shall be dragged forth, with a thousand eyes
bent fiercely and scoffingly upon him, to hear the
judge pronounce the doom of death! The soft
moonlight falls upon these unnoticed—the beam
that rests upon them is disregarded—and the world
moves on—the night recedes—the stars one by one
retire—the daylight appears.

"STAND FROM UNDER."

BY MRS CHILD.

[The following story was told me as one actually re-
lated by a sailor. I wrote it, not because I believed it
for a moment, but because I supposed it was one of
the numerous traditions among sea-faring people; and
I thought it a fine specimen of that wild and terrible
grandeur of imagination naturally excited by the sol-
itude and dangers of the ocean. I have since learned
that the same story, or a similar one, had been previ-
ously written for an English periodical; but never
having seen that story, I cannot be accused of plagiar-
ism or imitation.]

We were on board a slave-ship, bound to the coast
of Africa. I had my misgivings about the business;
and I believe others had them too. We had passed
the Straits of Gibraltar, and were lying off Barbary,
one clear, bright evening, when it came my turn to
take the helm. The ship was becalmed, and every
thing around was as silent as the day after the de-
luge. The wide monotony of water, varied only by
the glancings of the moon on the crest of the waves
made me think the old fables of Neptune were true;
and that Amphitrite and her Naiads were sporting
on the surface of the ocean, with diamonds in their
hair. Those fancies were followed by thoughts of
my wife, my children, and my home; and all were
oddly enough jumbled together in a delicious state
of approaching slumber. Suddenly I heard, high
above my head, a loud, deep, terrible voice call out,
"Stand from under!" I started to my feet—it was
the customary signal when any thing was to be
thrown from the shrouds, and mechanically I sung
out the usual answer, 'Let go!' But nothing came
—I looked up in the shrouds—there was nothing
there, I searched the deck,—and found that I was
alone! I tried to think it was a dream,—but that
sound, so deep, so stern, so dreadful, rung in my
ears, like the bursting of a cannon!

In the morning, I told the crew what I had heard.
They laughed at me; and were all day long full of
their jokes about 'Dreaming Tom.' One fellow
among them was most unmerciful in his raillery.—
He was a swarthy, malignant-looking Spaniard;
who carried murder in his eye, and curses on his
tongue; a daring and lordly man, who boasted of
crime, as if it gave him pre-eminence among his
fellows. He laughed longest and loudest at my
story. 'A most uncivil ghost, Tom,' said he; 'when
such chaps come to see me, I'll make 'em show
themselves. I'll not be satisfied without seeing
and feeling, as well as hearing.'

The sailors all joined with him; and I, ashamed
of my alarm, was glad to be silent. The next night
Dick Burton took the helm. Dick had nerves like
an ox, and sinews like a whale; it was little he
feared, on the earth, or beneath it. The clock struck
one—Dick was leaning his head on the helm, as he
said, thinking nothing of me, or my story,—when
that awful voice again called from the shrouds,
'Stand from under!' Dick darted forward like an
Indian arrow, which they say goes through and
through a buffalo, and wings on its way, as if it had
not left death in the rear. It was an instant, or
more, before he found presence of mind to call out
'Let go!' Again nothing was seen—nothing heard.
Ten nights in succession, at one o'clock, the same
unearthly sound rung through the air, making our
stoutest sailors quail, as if a bullet-shot had gone
through their brains. At last the crew grew pale
when it was spoken of; and the worst of us never
went to sleep without saying our prayers. For my-
self, I would have been chained to the oar all my
life, to have got out of that vessel. But there we
were in the vast solitude of ocean; and this invisible
being was with us! No one put a bold face on the
matter, but Antonio, the Spaniard. He laughed at
our fears, and defied Satan himself to terrify *him*.—
However, when it came his turn at the helm, he re-
fused to go. Several times, under the pretence of ill-
ness, he was excused from a duty, which all on board
dreaded. But at last, the Captain ordered Antonio to
receive a round dozen lashes every night until he
should consent to perform his share of the unwel-
come office. For awhile this was borne patiently; but
at length, he called out, 'I may as well die one way
as another—Give me over to the ghost!'

That night Antonio kept watch on deck. Few of
the crew slept; for expectation and alarm hadstretch-
our nerves upon the rack. At one o'clock, the voice
called, 'Stand from under!' 'Let go!' screamed the
Spaniard. This was answered by a shriek of laugh-
ter—and *such* laughter!—It seemed as if the fiends
answered each other from pole to pole, and the bass
was howled in hell! Then came a sudden crash upon
the deck, as if our masts and spars had fallen.
We all rushed to the spot—and there was a cold,
stiff, gigantic corpse. The Spaniard said it was
thrown from the shrouds, and when he looked on
it he ground his teeth like a madman. 'I know
him,' exclaimed he; 'I stabbed him within an
hour's sail of Cuba, and drank his blood for break-
fast.'

We all stood aghast at the monster. In fearful
whispers we asked what should be done with the
body. Finally we agreed that the terrible sight
must be removed from us, and hidden in the depth
of the sea. Four of us attempted to raise it: but
human strength was of no avail—we might as well
have tugged at Atlas. There it lay, stiff, rigid,
heavy, and as immovable as if it formed a part of
the vessel. The Spaniard was furious; 'let me lift
him,' said he; 'I lifted him once, and can do it again.
I'd teach him what it is to come and trouble me.'—
He took the body round the waist, and attempted
to move it. Slowly and heavily the corpse raised
itself up; its rayless eyes opened; its rigid arms
stretched out, and clasped its victim in a close
death-grapple—and rolling over to the side of the
ship, they tottered an instant over the waters—then
with a loud plunge sunk together. Again that
laugh—that wild, shrieking laugh—was heard on
the winds. The sailors bowed their heads, and
put up their hands to shut out the appalling sound.

* * * * *

I took the helm more than once after, but we
never again heard in the shrouds that thundering
sound, 'Stand from under.'

We copy the following as one of a series of es-
says, published in a pamphlet for gratuitous distri-
bution, by the American philanthropist Matthew
Carey of Philadelphia, entitled "Appeal to the
Wealthy of the Land, Ladies as well as Gentle-
men, on the character, conduct, situation and pros-
pects of those whose sole dependence for subsist-
ence is on the labor of their hands."

I propose in these essays, to consider, and at-
tempt to refute, certain pernicious errors which
too generally prevail respecting the situation, the
conduct, the characters, and the prospects of those
whose sole dependence is on the labor of their
hands—who comprise, throughout the world, two
thirds, perhaps three fourths, of the human race—
and on whose services the other third or fourth
depend for their necessaries, their comforts, their
enjoyments, and their luxuries.

According to these calculations, the number of
persons in the United States depending on wages
for their support must be eight or nine millions.—
This is a deeply interesting view of the subject,
and fully proves its immense importance; and how
solicitous we should be to guard against errors in
discussing it—errors which may perniciously af-
fect the interests and happiness of so large a por-
tion of the human family. Whatever concerns
their comfort or happiness—whatever tends to in-
crease or decrease their comforts—to improve or
deteriorate their morals, demands the most serious
attention of the friends of humanity, of all whose
views extend beyond their own narrow selfish con-
cerns, and who, without the services of this class,
would be forlorn and helpless.

The class in question is susceptible of two great
subdivisions—those who are so well remunerated
for their labors, as to be able, not merely to pro-
vide, when employed, for seasons of stagnation
and sickness, but by industry, prudence, and econ-
omy, to save enough in the course of a few years,
to commence business on a small scale on their
own account. With this fortunate description,
which is numerous and respectable, I have no con-
cern at present. My object is to consider the case
of those whose services are so inadequately re-
munerated, owing to the excess of labor beyond
the demand for it, that they can barely support
themselves while in good health and fully employ-
ed; and, of course, when sick or unemployed,
must perish, unless relieved by charitable individ-
uals, benevolent societies, or the guardians of the
poor. I use the word "*perish*" with due deliberation, and a full conviction of its appropriate appli-
cation to the case, however revolting it may seem
to the reader; for as these people depend for dai-
ly support on their daily or weekly wages, they
are, when those wages are stopped by whatever
means, utterly destitute of wherewith to support
their existence, and actually become paupers, and
therefore, without the aid above stated, would, I
repeat, "*perish*" of want.

The crisis of suffering through which this class
about three years since passed here and elsewhere,
and the occurrence of similar suffering in all hard
winters (and, in other seasons, from sickness and
destitution of employment), often without receiv-
ing that extra aid which such a state of things
loudly demands, appears to require a sober and
serious investigation, in order to probe to the bot-
tom so deplorable a state of things, whereby the
comfort and happiness of such a large portion of
human beings are so cruelly shipwrecked, and
to ascertain what are the causes of the evil, and
whether it be susceptible of any remedy.

The erroneous opinions to which I have alluded
are—

1. That every man, woman, and grown child,
able and willing to work may find employment.

2. That the poor, by industry, prudence, and
economy, may at all times support themselves com-
fortably, without depending on eleemosynary aid
—and, as a corollary from these positions,

3. That their sufferings and distresses chiefly,
if not wholly, arise, from their idleness, their dis-
sipation, and their extravagance.

4. That taxes for the support of the poor, and
aid afforded them by charitable individuals, or ben-
evolent societies, are pernicious, as, by encourag-
ing the poor to depend on them, they foster their
idleness and improvidence, and thus produce, or
at least increase, the poverty and distress they are
intended to relieve.

These opinions, so far as they have operated—
and, through the mischievous zeal and industry of
the school of political economists by which they
have been promulgated, they have spread widely—
have been pernicious to the rich and the poor.—
They tend to harden the hearts of the former
against the sufferings and distresses of the latter,
—and of course prolong those sufferings and dis-
tresses.

"Posterity will scarcely credit the extent to
which the popular feeling has been *worked upon
and warped by the ravings of some of our modern
economists.* They, truly, have done all that in
them lay, *to extinguish in the bosoms of the more
opulent classes, every spark of generous and benev-
olent feeling towards the destitute and needy pauper.
In their eyes, pauperism is a crime, for which noth-
ing short of absolute starvation can form an ade-
quate punishment.*"—London Quarterly Review,
July, 1828.

Many wealthy individuals, benevolent and liber-
al, apprehensive lest by charitable aid to persons in
distress, they might produce evil to society, are
by these pernicious and cold-blooded doctrines,
prevented from indulging the feelings of their
hearts, and employing a portion of their superflu-
ous wealth for the best purpose to which it can be
appropriated—that purpose which, at the hour of
death, will afford the most solid comfort on retro-
spection—that is, "to feed the hungry; to give
drink to the thirsty; to clothe the naked; to com-
fort the comfortless."* The economists in ques-
tion, when they are implored by the starving poor
for "bread," tender them "a stone." To the un-
feeling and uncharitable of the rich (and such un-
happily there are), these doctrines afford a plausi-
ble pretext, of which they are not slow to avail
themselves, for withholding their aid from the
poor. They have moreover tended to attach a sort
of disrepute to those admirable associations of la-
dies and gentlemen, for the relief of the poor, on
which Heaven looks down with complacence, and
which form a delightful oasis in the midst of the
arid deserts of sordid selfishness which on all sides
present themselves to the afflicted view of the
contemplative observer.

In entering on this discussion, it is necessary to
consider the character and conduct of the classes
whose case I have undertaken to review. Both
are, I am persuaded, greatly and perniciously mis-
taken.

There is scarcely any propensity more universal
among mankind, than the tendency to generalize
from inadequate particulars. From the good or
the bad qualities of half a dozen persons or things,
most people are disposed to draw general conclu-
sions affecting the whole species or genus to which
the half dozen belong. It is not therefore won-
derful, although greatly to be regretted, that on
beholding a number of worthless poor, so many
superficial persons feel disposed to set down the
mass as worthless. A little reflection will prove
the folly and injustice of this procedure. The es-
timable part of the poor, who struggle with their
poverty, who resist the temptations to fraud and
transgressions of every kind, are generally in the
back ground—they escape notice. Hundreds of
them may be within a few squares of us, and nev-
er attract our attention. Let us suppose a case.
A man has, in the course of a year, dealings with
five hundred of those persons who depend on their
labor for support: among this large number, he
discovers ten or a dozen tricky and worthless, who
are on the watch to cheat and deceive him. Will
he not, in his conversation about his affairs (and
how many are there who have no other subject of
conversation?) dwell more on the frauds and
tricks of these, than on the correct conduct of the
four hundred and eighty or four hundred and
ninety? And will not superficial persons be dis-
posed to generalize and stigmatize the whole from
his statements?

Far from being surprized that among the poor
there are to be found many worthless persons, it
appears that the surprize, all things considered,
ought to be, that there are so few. In the first
place, it is well known that we are the creatures
of education and example; and how lamentably
deficient the mass of the poor are in point of edu-
cation and example, we all know. No small pro-
portion have had no education; others only a mere
smattering: and the examples which they are to
copy, are, alas! too generally ill qualified to form
them as useful or estimable members of society.

The higher orders of society have generally en-
joyed the advantages of a good education and good
examples: the censorial eye of the public is on
them, and serves as a curb to restrain them from
guilt; regard to character has a powerful opera-
tion. Nevertheless, do we not unfortunately see
considerable numbers of them who lapse from the
paths of rectitude? How powerfully do such
lapses tend to extenuate those of the poor, who
are under no such controlling or restraining cir-
cumstances, and have so much stronger incentives
to aberration!

The population of Philadelphia is about 160,000
souls, of whom about 100,000 depend on the labor
of their hands; 40,000 are probably laborers, hod-
men, seamstresses, families of workmen on the
canals and rail-roads. The utmost industry and
economy they can employ will scarcely suffice to
sustain them, if not unremittingly employed; and
few of them are so fortunate as to be employed
through the year. These last descriptions of per-
sons are those whose case I have undertaken to
consider.

Philadelphia, June 20, 1833.

* How transcendently superior are those who, like
Mr. Perkins and Mr. Phillips of Boston, Mr. Brown
of Rhode Island, Mr. Oliver of Baltimore, Mr. Rut-
gers of New York, Mr. Ralston, Mr. Henry, and Mrs.
Scott of Philadelphia, &c *bestow* thousands and tens
of thousands on public charities or other benevolent
objects, to those who retain their millions to the last
moment of their existence! Ten thousand dollars
bestowed during life have more real merit than a mil-
lion *bequeathed* at the last gasp, when it can be no
longer grasped.

COMMUNICATION.

For the New England Galaxy.

MY COLLEGE LIFE.

NO. VIII.

"Thus end my words, thus like will end your woes."
SHAKESPEARE.

The redoubted and distinguished Colonel Still
squirmed on the hook of grievous mortification in
consequence of the mischievous tricks which had
wantonly and maliciously been perpetrated on him
and his beloved horse, "the partner of his toils,
his feelings and his fame," and endeavored to show
his resentment by every possible means.

Besides the offices of Col. and constable, which
offices he maintained with extraordinary dignity,
he was a member of the legislature, and it was
even whispered that there was a prospect of his
being nominated as a candidate for the responsible
office of *hogreeve* the next year, which office if
obtained, must have gratified the highest aspira-
tions of the Colonel's imagination and ambition,
and exalted him to so high a niche in the pillory of
fame, that the dust of eternal ages could not cover
the glory of his name.

Indeed, such universal popularity as he enjoyed
in the town, is rarely to be found or enjoyed by
any man, and this popularity gave him many op-
portunities, by his influence and great strength of
lungs, to retort upon us our manifold transgres-
sions.

At the next session of the legislature after his
declared visit to the moon, he brought in a bill to
amend the militia laws, so that students would be
obliged either to train or pay fines.

He advocated his bill in a knock down speech
of fifteen days, during all of which time, the legisla-
ture never stirred from their seats, so powerful was
the effect of his original eloquence.

It was extremely fortunate that he previously
notified the legislature of the intended speech,
otherwise many a valuable statesman would have
been starved to death, having nothing to stay their
stomachs but his speech, of which the *most* nutri-
tious ingredient was *wind* (for the motion to ad-
journ never entered their minds, so seducing was
the enchantment.)

Early on the next day then, might be seen cart
loads of bread and cheese, hogsheads of brandy
and gin, barrels of smoked beef, herrings and
longwives, straw beds and pillows, fear noughts
and Petershams, pouring into the State House,
and filling every inch of space, enough to supply
a man-of-war for a fifty years' cruise, having been
provided as stores by a special motion of the leg-
islature at the expense of the State till his speech
should be finished.

The Col. stoutly declared that this goodly array
was absolutely needless, for he would not detain
the house more than three days and nights at
farthest, but the members knew enough from years
of previous experience of his immense wind, to
expect, at least, a speech of a fortnight.

All being thus formidably prepared, and the Col.
having warmed his stomach with a gallon of New
England taken at one swallow, hauled off his coat,
rolled up his shirt sleeves, and placing a brief of
fifty or sixty sheets of foolscap before him, which
he had labored upon for the last three months,
hemmed nine times, coughed six times, and sneez-
ed thrice, and bawled out "Mr. Speaker!" and
after a few preliminary remarks of a few hours on
the momentous importance of the subject under
consideration and discussion, plunged all at once
systematically and logically "in medias res."

He first explained what a *law* was; made sev-
eral deep and learned inquiries into the origin of
law; then adduced the testimony of twenty-five
lexicographers to prove what the exact, accurate
and scientific meaning of the word "militia" was,
and why and wherefore the law under considera-
tion was framed, called and entitled a "militia
law"—all these abstruse points being demonstrat-
ed to the perfect satisfaction of all the audience
who were now, like the Manhattan legislators,
quietly snoring in their seats, he gave notice
through a speaking trumpet for the better under-
standing of his words, that he should separate, dis-
join, distinguish, specificate and divide, his subject
or arguments into three hundred eighty-six divis-
ions and nine hundred forty-four subdivisions, but
being a devoted lover of brevity he would reduce
the subdivisions to nine hundred and forty-three.

("Hear! hear!" cried the astonished auditors,
startled from their slumbers by this unexpected
proof of matchless generosity.)

I shall not attempt to give an abstract of this
speech, which, if not still extant, is no fault of
mine—suffice it to say, he finished his speech in
the fifteen days aforesaid, having only stopped a
few times to "whet his whistle," and no one at-
tempting to answer his invincible arguments, the
amendment was carried by a vote of one hundred
ninety-three to one hundred ninety-two.

Of course we were ordered to train.

At the next muster we turned out, and marched
to the parade ground. Soon the gigantic, the
patriotic, the heroic, the *windy* Col. rode upon his
wonderful steed, and actually chuckled with mer-
riment to see the scowls which blackened every
collegiate visage.

After making us perform divers evolutions, such
as pleased himself, he retreated a few paces and

standing before us, with amazing courage and in difference to self, cried, "fire!"

Five or six of us were so extremely careless as not to remove our ramrods from the barrels—and we aimed directly at him and his horse—I took special aim at his cap, and saw it fly away fairly impaled and completely spoiled for further service. One of the rods entered his horse's eye, and so completely pushed every ray of light inside his head, that the Col. killed him next day, though he declared with great affection he had rather killed himself.

The horse reared as soon as the ramrod struck, and the horrified Col. altogether unused to such exercises, lost his seat, and keeling up like a rope dancer, glided over his horse's tail, and fell to the ground on the top of his cranium. He was fixed for that day and carried home, and the training ended.

This was not without a good effect—the Col. fearing worse consequences, the next winter made a speech of *ten minutes* to retract the amendment passed the previous session, which was so much more convincing that the votes stood eighty-two to one in his favor, all the old members having caught up their hats and ran for life, as soon as he took the *floor*.

* * * * * * * * *

We now entered on Senior Year, that year in which dignity so overpowers the animal passions that no one can be found to engage in any scrape whatever.

Our bark now came to a smooth opening in the channel, and we glided smoothly on the placid waters till we rode up to our moorings on Commencement day.

With joyful hearts chum and I marched upon the stage, arm in arm, yokefellow now in honor as formerly in sin, and received our "sheepskins" or A. B.'s from the hand of Old Prex.

"So ends my catechism."

LITERARY PROPERTY.

We had just read a paper in the last "American Jurist," in which the rights of authors to the possession and enjoyment of the fruits of their literary labors, was elaborately, and as we think, successfully maintained, when we were reminded of an incident which seemed to show the uncertain tenure by which such a possession is held. A clergyman of this city, distinguished as well for his literary efforts as for his labors and attainments as a divine, is the author of an admirable little work, entitled "Letters from a Father to his Daughter," which was published in this country, in a first and second edition, in 1831. Attracted a few days since to a bookstore in Boston, he was struck with the title of "The Daughter's Own Book," a work just *re-published in that city from the London edition*. The advertisement to the Boston edition assured the reader that it was "one of the most practical and truly valuable treatises on the culture and discipline of the female mind, which has hitherto been published;" and it recommended the volume "to the perusal of every parent and every daughter in our country, with the earnest hope and belief that it would produce a salutary influence upon the character of the rising generation." A moment's examination satisfied Dr. S. that it was *his* "own book;" and that with an altered title, and the omission of three of the original chapters, *but without any acknowledgement of its source*, it had been printed in London, and had returned and been re-printed in this country, with high and deserved encomiums upon it as an English production.

The author we believe, puts in no claim to "literary property;" but the publisher of the original American editions expects, of course, the protection of the law of copy right.

We think we alluded some time since to the very beautiful re-print in London and Glasgow, of "The Mother's Book," by Mrs. Child. The foreign editions (for it soon extended to a third) were dedicated by the publishers to Lady Sandford.—But here there was no concealment of the source; on the contrary, it was expressly acknowledged, and in terms highly complimentary to the authoress of the work. In the other instance, the fact of the re-print in the two countries was complimentary; although the manner of it was not creditable to the foreign publishers.—*Albany Argus.*

A LIBERAL THIEF, OR THE BITER BITTEN.—A few days ago, as one of our Merchant Tailors in Market street was patiently waiting the calls of customers, a robust, honest looking fellow stepped into the shop, who looked as though he needed an outfit, his habiliments being rather the worse for wear. After the usual inquiries as to prices, &c he concluded to rig himself out with a new suit.—He doffed his old coat and vest, and very soon found substitutes for them among the various samples spread out before him by the accommodating supplier. Having found pantaloons that pleased him he walked into the back room to see if they were of sufficient length and breadth, which being the case, he very unceremoniously kicked the old ones out of the way, and made for the back window.—With wonderful dexterity he leaped over the different walls, wood piles, and high fences that obstructed his progress, and was very soon farther than "speaking distance" from the tailor's shop and his tattered garments. The honest shop keeper began to wonder at his delay, and proceeded to the room where he had left his customer; but lo! the bird had flown, and left "not a wreck behind" save his thread bare breeches—no very profitable exchange for the absent new suit. He in vain looked through the window for the rascal or peered into his own or adjoining yards, and soon made up his mind that he might as well set down customer and clothes "as among the missing." After thus disposing of the absentees, he very naturally and mechanically proceeded to ransack the pockets of the old trowsers which were left, where he soon found a pocket book, forgotten, doubtless, by the gentleman in his haste to secure the spoils, upon opening which his glad eyes were greeted by the cheering sight of bank notes.—When he unrolled them, he counted ten dollars—*three dollars more than the garments were worth which the unfortunate rogue ran off with.*—*Mk Eve Jour.*

THE PRINCE OF THIEVES, POLICEMEN, SPIES AND SWINDLERS—VIDOCQ.—The trial of this terror of French thieves, for swindling upon his own account, took place before the Chamber of Correctional Police of Paris. The prisoner at the bar was a fat gentleman, dressed in full black, with a sharp eye, a huge mouth, and a bag of pastiles in his hand, which he used repeatedly. This was no other than Sieur Vidocq, of famous memory as ex-chief of the Secret Police. Beside him was a slender young man, M. Lebas, a riband-merchant. The following facts were elicited:—Vidocq wished to turn to the advantage of trade the experience which he had amassed during his long residence in the shops of the Rue de Jerusalem. He established, accordingly, an agency office; and here, for a small sum annually, all merchants received secret advices respecting false traders, bankrupts by profession, and all the skilful sharpers which infest commercial places. Sieur Valette, a riband-dealer, sold his stock to Sieur Cramoisi, on the notes furnished by Vindocq; and Sieur Lebas, in his turn, sold also ribands to Cramoisi on the security of Valette. Lebas having met in the market articles sold by him for 27 francs, offered for only 10 francs, instantly had his suspicions raised of Cramoisi, and went forthwith to consult Vidocq, who, according to the complainant, used his best influence, together with threats and fraudulent manœuvres to make Valette guarantee the debt of Cramoisi, and to draw to the latter for the benefit of Lebas, drafts equivalent to the sum due. Cramoisi became a bankrupt and fled, and now Valette wants to recover from Lebas and Vidocq the loss and interest upon it. Vidocq having declared his name, age, (58) and his business of commercial agent, although defended by M. Renaud Lebon, addressed the Court himself as to the facts. He expressed himself in a straight-forward manner, and frequently found it necessary to beg for silence on the part of the complainant and his advocate who were interrupting him. Several witnesses were called, one of them was examined by Vidocq. Vidocq (in an authoritative tone)—Silence, Sir, you are telling a falsehood—you are a false witness—(confusion amongst the audience. A great many talking at the same time.) The fact of the fraudulent manœuvres not being sufficiently established, the Court dismissed the accused with costs, but Lebas was ordered to give up the notes.—*Daily.*

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1833.

NOTICE.

☞ The public are respectfully informed that the whole present management of the New England Galaxy are composed of persons who, previously to August 13, 1833, had never any concern in the publication of the paper.

N. B. JOHN MASTERS is the only person duly authorized to transact business for this establishment.

☞ It must be wholly unnecessary to announce to our readers that the Galaxy has undergone a change; such an expectation is known to exist—and anticipation is of course alive, as to the conduct of the newly organized establishment. The desire of the present proprietors, however, is very shortly expressed. It will be, by an attentive observation of the great movements in the numerous departments of human affairs—in literature and the arts—in science, taste, manners and doctrines as they daily become developed in the progress of society—and by giving early and accurate information on these subjects to merit the continued patronage of their readers and the just approbation of the public

They intend not to present any outline of their particular opinions nor to offer a pledge of support to any sect or class in the community. These would be worse than useless, because in the progress of time, and in the fluctuations of thought, such pledge could scarcely be redeemed. Our views and opinions will be made manifest as they are opened upon the inevitable succession of topics requiring comment or enquiry as they arise. They hope they may safely pledge themselves, to hold on to a strict fidelity of purpose—and to an unaffected zeal for the extension of human happiness, by the promotion of all such measures and designs as may have a tendency to advance the best interests of society.

BRITISH TRAVELLERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—There is nothing which agitates a certain class of society in this country so sensitively, and indicates so lamentable a weakness both of feeling and intellect as their anxiety to know what British travellers in America may write about them on their return to Europe. This sickly sensibility is more remarkable among those who affect to move among fashionable people and in the first circles. The "common file," as Shakspeare has it, care nothing about British or any other travelling gentlemen—nor regard, as of the slightest moment, the opinion of Capt Basil Hall, Mrs Trollope, the Rev Mr Fiddler, or a host of such persons, who come to this country perhaps at any cost and magnify [illegible]—perhaps to speak right—or to extenuate nothing, "nor set down ought in malice." They know and feel that "the blood of Douglas will protect itself"—and detraction cannot blast us. A series of British travellers, Anbury, Feron, and several others, are nearly forgotten, and their works will only be remembered by ransacking the gone by volumes of Reviews. The mass of the people, wrapped up in the mantle of their own self-satisfaction, despise whatever is said of us, however correct or false.

It is not so with the educated or fashionable world; they seem to take to heart all the censure of a modern traveller, as if he did not write for bread, for the tory party in England, or for the booksellers. What better is Capt Hall than another Iscarioi Hackney damned to immortal fame by Savage and Dr Johnson.—Capt Hall, who could see little in New York, Philadelphia and Boston but to dispraise—and nothing in the Canadas but to applaud. Can any intention be more apparent, to those who have visited the British provinces and the United States, than that Hall's account was a bookseller's job? *He was paid* for writing a book to suit a certain party in Great Britain.—No doubt he tells disagreeable truths of us—but he tells no truth of the Canadas. It is *all* praise—not wholly deserved. Mrs Trollope is obnoxious to similar censure. She tells many wholesome truths of vulgarities and bad manners—but makes too broad assertions when she applies them to the whole nation.—She travels in a western steamboat, and supposes the tobacco spittle, rank whiskey and coarse familiarities to the drawing rooms of refined society. As well might an American traveller attribute the offensive vulgarisms on board a British steamboat running to Margate or Brighton—compared with which the low breeding of the lowest Americans *is accomplishment*—to the company at Almacs or any other place of fashionable resort in Great Britain, because he witnessed such offensive barbarisms on board a British boat.

This feeling of sensitiveness ought to be abolished. Let us suppose we have errors which when viewed through the medium of European refinement may be more apparent than to us. We have recently looked over some remarks extracted from a work in the press by *Col Hamilton*, the author of a somewhat celebrated novel entitled *Cyril Thornton*, who was in this country two years ago—which, as far as we notice is exempt from the sinister intentions attributable to the other tourists we have mentioned. The book is called "Men and Manners in America," and we rather think will be perused with pleasure. The extracts we have seen concern New York but they will apply to other places as well as that.

There is much truth in his remarks on the want of splendor of equipage and livery in New York.

The drawing rooms in New York certainly strike one as being a good deal more primitive in their appliances than those of the more opulent classes in the old country. Furniture in the United States is apparently not one of those articles in which wealth takes pride in displaying its superiority. Every thing is comfortable, but every thing is plain. Here are no buhl tables, nor or-molu clocks, nor gigantic mirrors, nor cabinets of Japan, nor draperies of silk or velvet; and one certainly does miss those thousand elegancies with which the taste of British ladies delights in adorning their apartments. In short, the appearance of an American mansion is decidedly republican. No want remains unsupplied, while nothing is done for the gratification of a taste for luxury.

This is as it should be. There are few instances of such opulence in America as would enable its owner, without inconvenience, to lavish thousands on pictures, ottomans, and china vases. In such a country, there are means of profitable outlay for every shilling of accumulated capital, and the Americans are too prudent a people to invest in objects of mere taste, that which in the more vulgar shape of cotton or tobacco, would tend to the replenishing of their pockets. After all, it is better, perhaps, to sit on leather or cotton, with a comfortable balance at one's banker's book, than to lounge on damask, and tread on carpets of Persia, puzzling our brains about the budget, and the ways and means.

One cause of the effect just noticed, is unquestionably the absence of the law, or, rather, the custom of primogeniture. A man, whose fortune, at his death, must be divided among a numerous family, in equal proportions, will not readily invest any considerable portion of it in such inconvertible objects as the production of the fine arts, and still less in articles of mere household luxury, unsuited to the circumstances of his descendants. It will rarely happen, that a father can bequeath to each of his children enough to render them independent. They have to struggle into opulence as best they may; and, assuredly, to men so circumstanced, nothing can be more inconvenient and distasteful, than to receive any part of their legacies in the form of pictures, or scagliola tables, instead of Erie canal shares, or bills of the New York Bank.

Another circumstance, probably not without its effect in recommending both paucity and plainness of furniture, is the badness of the servants. These are chiefly people of colour, habituated from their cradle, to be regarded as an inferior race, and consequently sadly wanting both in moral energy and principle. Every lady with whom I have conversed on the subject, speaks with envy of the superior comforts and facilities of an English establishment. A coloured servant, they declare, requires perpetual supervision. He is an executive not a deliberative being. Under such circumstances, the drudgery that devolves on an American matron, I should imagine to be excessive.—She must direct every operation that is going on from the garret to the cellar. She must be her own housekeeper, superintend all the outgoings and comings in; and interfere in a thousand petty and annoying details; which in England, go on like clock-work, out of sight and out of thought.

In consequence of the perpetual shifting of American servants, he says—

When you enter an American house, either in quality of casual visitor or invited guest, the servant never thinks of ushering you to the company; on the contrary he immediately disappears, leaving you to explore your way, in a navigation of which you know nothing, or to amuse yourself in the passage by counting the hat pegs and umbrellas. In a strange house, one cannot take the liberty of bawling for assistance, and the choice only remains of opening doors on speculation, with the imminent risk of intruding on the bed room of some young lady, or cutting the gordian knot by escaping through the only one you know any thing about. I confess, that the first time I found myself in this unpleasant predicament, the latter expedient was the one adopted, though I fear not without offence to an excellent family, who, having learned the fact of my admission, could not be supposed to understand the motive of my precipitate retreat.

On the whole the difference is not striking, I should imagine, between the social habits of the people of New York, and those prevalent in our first rate mercantile cities. In both the faculties are exerted in the same pursuits: in both, the dominant aristocracy is that of wealth; and in both, there is the same grasping at unsubstantial and unacknowledged distinctions.

Speaking of the aristocracy of wealth in the United States—which after all is the only aristocracy it contains, however men of talents may disregard it—he tells an anecdote, that every man who has seen the conduct of our "lately enriched men," who have no other claim to distinction, must acknowledge to be true.

I shall now give an instance of the estimation in which wealth is held in this commercial community. At a party a few evenings ago, the worthy host was politely assiduous in introducing me to the more prominent individuals who composed it. Unfortunately, he considered it necessary to preface each repetition of the ceremony with some preliminary account of the pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman, the honor of whose acquaintance was about to be conferred on me. "Do you observe," he asked, "that tall thin person, with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made a hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in tallow. You must allow me to introduce you to him."

The introduction passed, and my zealous cicerone again approached, with increased importance of aspect, "A gentleman," he said, "worth at least half a million, had expressed a desire to make my acquaintance." This was gratifying, and of course, not to be denied. A third time did our worthy entertainer return to the charge, and before taking my departure I had the honor of being introduced to an individual who was stated to be still more opulent than his predecessors. Had I been presented to so many bags of dollars, instead of to their possessors, the ceremony would have been quite as interesting, and perhaps less troublesome.

The truth is, that in a population wholly devoted to money getting, the respect paid to wealth is so pervadingly diffused, that it rarely occurred to any one, that it was impossible I should feel the slightest interest in the private circumstances of the gentlemen with whom I might chance to form a transient acquaintance.

A dinner party in New York serves for another specimen of the author's power of description.

The formalities of a New York dinner do not differ from those of an English one. Unfortunately, it is not here the fashion to invite the fairer part of creation to entertainments so gross and substantial, and it rarely happens that any ladies are present on such occasions, except those belonging to the family of the host. The party, however, is always enlivened by their presence at the tea table; and then comes music, and perhaps dancing; while those who, like myself, are disqualified for active participation in such festivities, talk with the air of grave authority of revolutions in Europe, the prospects of War or Peace, Parliamentary Reform, and other high and interesting matters.

Before dinner, the conversation of the company assembled in the drawing room is here, as elsewhere, generally languid enough; but a change suddenly comes over the spirit of their dream: The folding doors which communicate with the dining room are thrown open, and all paradise is at once let in on the soul of a *gourmand*. The table, instead of displaying, as with us, a mere beggarly account of fish and soup, exhibits an array of dishes closely wedged in triple column, which it would require at least an acre of mahogany to deploy into line. Plate, it is true, does not contribute much to the splendor of the prospect, but there is quite enough for comfort, though not, perhaps, for display. The lady of the mansion is handed in form to her seat, and the entertainment begins. The domestics, black, white, snuff-colored and nankeen, are in motion; plates vanish and appear again, as if by magic; turtle, cold-blooded by nature, has become hot as Sir Charles Wetherel, and certainly never moved so rapid before. The flight of ham and turkey is unceasing; venison bounds from one end of the table to the other, with a velocity never exceeded in its native forest; and the energies of twenty human beings are all evidently concentrated in one common occupation.

During soup and fish, and, perhaps the first slice of the haunch, conversation languishes, but a glass or two of Champagne soon operates as a corrective. The eyes of the young ladies become more brilliant and those of elderly gentlemen acquire a certain benevolent twinkle, which indicates, that for the time being they are in charity with themselves and all mankind.

At length, the first course is removed, and is succeeded by a whole wilderness of sweets. This too, passes, for it is impossible, alas! to eat forever.—Then came chess and the dessert; then the departure of the ladies; and claret and Madeira for an hour or twain are unquestioned lords of the ascendant.

The latter is almost uniformly excellent. I have never drank any Madeira in Europe at all equalling what I have frequently met in the United States. *Gourmets* attribute this superiority partly to climate, but in a great measure to management. Madeira, in this country, is never kept as with us, in a subterranean vault, where the temperature throughout the year is nearly equal. It is placed in the attics, where it is exposed to the whole fervor of the summer's heat, and the severity of winter's cold. The effect on the flavor of the wine is certainly remarkable.

The Claret is generally good, but not better than in England; Port is used by the natives only as a medicine, and is rarely produced at table except in compliment to some English stranger, it being a settled canon, here as elsewhere, that every Englishman drinks Port. I have never yet seen fine Sherry, probably because that wine has not yet risen into esteem in the United States.

It would be most ungrateful were I not to declare, that I have frequently found these dinner parties extremely pleasant.

Persons who are mere men of business are well enough described in the following extract, and are properly contrasted with the attentions paid to better educated individuals.

I beg, however, to be understood. Of the vast multitude of English whom the extensive commercial intercourse between the countries draws to the United States, few, indeed, are persons of liberal acquirement, or who have been accustomed to mix in good society in their own country. Coming to the United States in the pursuit of business, they are, of course, left to the attention of those gentlemen with whom their professional relations bring them more particularly in contact. Admitting, for argument's sake, that all those persons were entirely unexceptionable both in manners and morals, there mere number, which is very great, would, in itself, operate as an exclusion. That they are hospitably received, I have no doubt, nor have I any that they meet with every attention and facility which commercial men can expect in a commercial community.

But when an English gentleman, actuated by motives of liberal curiosity, visits their country, he is received in a different manner, and with very different feeling. Once assured of his respectability, he is admitted freely into society, and I again assert, that he will meet a benevolent interest in promoting his views, which a traveller may in vain look for in other countries. I should be wrong in saying, however, that all this takes place without some scrutiny. Of whatever solecisms of deportment they are themselves guilty, the Americans are admirable, and perhaps not very lenient judges of manners in others. They are quite aware of high breeding when they see it, and draw conclusions with regard to the pretensions of their guests, from a thousand small circumstances, apparent to only acute observation. With them, vulgar audacity will not pass for polished ease; nor will fashionable exterior be received for more than its worth. I know of no country in which an imposter would have a more difficult game to play in the prosecution of his craft, and should consider him an accomplished deceiver, were he able to escape detection amid observation so vigilant and acute.

The next observation contains many home truths and perhaps may be the more unpalateable, from their severe justice.

In admitting that the standard of manners in the United States is somewhat lower than in England, I wish to be understood as speaking exclusively of the higher circles in the latter country, I am not aware that, bating a few peculiarities; the manners of the first rate merchants of New York, are at all inferior to those either of Liverpool, or any other of our great commercial cities. I am certain that they are not inferior to any merchants in the world, in extent of practical information, in liberality of sentiment, and generosity of character. Most of them have been in England, and from actual observation have formed notions of our national character and advantages, very different from the crude and ignorant opinions, which, I must say, are entertained by the great body of their countrymen. Were it admissible to form general conclusions of the American character, from that of the best circle in the greater Atlantic cities of the Union, the estimate would be high indeed.

Unfortunately, however, the conclusions drawn from premises so narrow, would be sadly erroneous. The observations already made are applicable only to a very small portion of the population, composed almost entirely of the first rate merchants and lawyers. Beyond that, there is a sad change for the worse.—Neither in the manners nor in the morals of the great body of traders, is there much to draw approbation from an impartial observer. Comparing them with the same classes in England, one cannot but be struck with a certain resolute and obtrusive cupidity of gain and a laxity of principle as to the means of acquiring it, which I should be sorry to believe formed any part of the character of my countrymen. I have heard conduct praised in conversation at a public table which in England, would be attended, if not with a voyage to Botany Bay, at least with total loss of character.—It is impossible to pass an hour in the bar of the hotel, without being struck with the tone of callous selfishness which pervades the conversation, and the absence of all pretension to pure and lofty principle. The only restraint upon these men is the law, and he is evidently considered the most skillful in his vocation who contrives to overreach his neighbor, without incurring its penalties.

☞ The gratifying intelligence was received at N. York from Gibraltar, dated July 10, from Horatio Sprague, Esq, American Consul at that port, "of the total capture of Don Miguel's fleet by that of Don Pedro off Cape St Vincents." The letter adds "that the war in Portugal no doubt will find a termination this summer in favor of Donna Maria." Other letters confirm this news, which reached Gibraltar by a vessel from Barcelona. This important fact, taken in connexion with the already ascertained success of Don Pedro's forces by land—and the unpopular appointment of a Bourbon Marshal of France as commander of the army of Don Miguel, renders the ultimate success of the Young Queen Maria, a highly probable event. Every liberal throughout the world must be gratified at her triumphs over the bigotry, tyranny and ignorance of the present ruler.

MR HACKETT, THE AMERICAN COMEDIAN IN GREAT BRITAIN. This performer by his oddity and peculiarity of American humor, has attracted a large share of patronage of the British public. His *Americanisms* appear to take amazingly with the people, and the representation he makes of his reception in all parts of the kingdom, shows conclusively that no animosity exists among them against America—so far from it, every frequent allusion to the prosperity of the child, received the decided approbation of the mother.

A letter has been received from Mr Hackett dated at Manchester, where he was playing with infinite success, in which after noticing the prejudices of managers and dramatic authors, he thus speaks of the public at large.

"With regard to the theatrical public of Great Britain, I will do them the justice to aver that audiences apparently more predisposed not only to pass a candid judgment upon, but to receive kindly the matter as well as the narrator (in the person of my "stranger" self) I never met with any where; and could I but have inspired *managers* and *authors* with the least confidence in my success and consequent attraction, early in the season, instead of March and April (the fag end) I could have put some thousands into their pockets as well as my own.

"'Straws show which way the wind blows,' and I must say, that the audiences, private hospitalities, social sentiments and every circumstance that has brought me in the way of knowing the people (not ignorant and prejudiced individuals merely,) combine to convince me that the most kindly feelings and earnest disposition to establish a fraternal intercourse with us, exists generally here, and will in a few years without doubt weed out every seed, however minute, of prejudice and detraction. In the "Kentuckian," Wildfire is made to say to an Englishman, one of the characters of the piece—'Now look here stranger, I like an honest fellow let him come from where he will, and *perhaps* I like you John Bulls a *leetle* the best because you see after all we are pretty much one brood, though ours was hatched the other side of the Big Pond, &c." This sentiment never failed to draw down a hearty burst of applause. But to a Dublin audience I am indebted for an enjoyment above money or price—aye far surpassing that, gratifying as it was, when at the close of my performances in London last month, the audience so vociferously called me out, and amid my *farewell bows* thundered their long continued applause and bravos.

"The first night of Rip Van Winkle, when in the midst of the scene where he finds himself lost in amazement at the change in his native village, as well as in himself and every body he meets, a person of whom he is making enquiry, mentions the name of Washington. Rip asks 'Who is he?' The other replies—'What! did you never hear of the immortal George Washington, the Father of his Country?'—The whole audience from pit to gallery seemed to rise and with shouting, huzzas, clapping of hands and stamping of feet made the very building shake. These deafening plaudits continued some time, and wound up with three distinct rounds. To describe to you my feelings during such an unexpected thunder-gust of national enthusiasm is utterly impossible. I choked—the tears gushed from my eyes, and I can assure you it was only by a great effort that I restrained myself from destroying all the illusion of the scene by breaking the fetters with which the age and character of Rip had invested me, and exclaiming in the fullness of my heart 'God bless old Ireland.'"

Mr. Ebenezer Clough, a leading antimason, of this city, has been indicted by the Grand Jury for the crime of embracery, or tampering with one of the Jury on the trial of the editors of the Masonic Mirror, at the last term of the Municipal Court, for a libel.—Clough is charged with putting into the hands of the Juror a printed copy of a letter of the late Samuel Dexter to Dr Bartlett, dated in the year 1798, urging upon him to read it. Dr Bartlett was the grand master of a masonic lodge—and the letter has been circulated as an antimasonic tract. On his arraignment he pleaded not guilty, and the trial, upon motion of counsel, was continued, as a matter of course, to the next term in September.

A few pithy extracts from Bulwer's late novel of "England and the English," may cause a laugh at the expense of John Bull's peculiarities.

The English now.—"Those changes which have wrought such convulsions in states have begun by revolutions in the *character* of nations; every change in a constitution is occasioned by some change in the people. The English of the present day are not the English of twenty years ago."

Independence. "It is an old maxim enough among us, that we possess the sturdy sense of independence,—we value ourselves on it; yet the sense of independence is often but the want of sympathy with others. There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning. 'Sir,' quoth the boots, 'the day is breaking.' 'The merchant turned round with a grim look, 'Let it break,' growled he, 'it owes me nothing!'—This anecdote is rather characteristic; it shews the connexion between selfishness and independence."

The Use of Appearances. 'It very often happens that our notions of the elements of a good character are any thing but just. We sometimes venerate a Saint, where your Excellency would recognize a Mawworm."

Mistake. "We often seem to imagine that the properties of the mind resembles the property of seawater, and loses all its deleterious particles when once it is fairly frozen. How often is this human frigidity, the parent of Correctness, prized above nobler qualities—and few can be more ignoble! It is a question whether a vicious warm, or a virtuous cold being is the most hateful member of society."

A Hit at the Aristocracy. "Our nobles have had ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, and they have been accordingly accustomed to vie with each other in those singular phantasies of daring vulgarity with which a head without culture amuses an idleness without dignity. Hence, while we have boasted of our common sense, we have sent our young noblemen over the world to keep up that enviable reputation by the most extravagant eccentricities."

A National (Historical) Trait. "A political speculator presents nothing interesting to us, unless we behead him; even then he travels down to posterity merely on the festivity brevity of a toast. We would fight for the cause for which Sidney bled on the scaffold, but we would not, for the life and soul of us, read a single chapter of the book in which he informs us what the cause *was*."

Practical Men!! "Practical men are prejudiced men; usually knowing the details of their own business well, they are astonished at the presumption of men who think to improve the principle."

Good Taste! "Good taste is a very favorite phrase with the English aristocracy: they carry it to the pulpit and the House of Commons—'Such a man preached in very good taste;' or, 'in what excellent taste So-and-so's speech was!' Good taste applied to legislation and salvation—what does the phrase mean?—Heaven knows what it means in the pulpit; in the House of Commons, it always means flattering the old members, and betraying impudence modestly."

"Amusement (says Mr Bulwer) keeps men cheerful and contented—it engenders a spirit of urbanity—it reconciles the poor to the pleasures of their superiors, which are of the same sort, though in another sphere; it removes the sense of hardship—it brings men together in those genial moments when the heart opens and care is forgotten. Deprived of more gentle relaxations, men are driven to the alehouse,—they talk over their superiors—and who ever talks of others to praise them? they read the only cheap papers permitted them, not usually the most considerate and mild in spirit;—their minds in one respect are benefitted; for they advance, even by this intercourse, in their progress to better government; but they clog this benefit by a rancour to all its obstacles, which is at once natural and to be lamented. Woe to the legislator who succeeds, by vexatious laws and petty tyrannies in interdicting enjoyment to those who labor! above all, in an age when they have discovered what is due to themselves; he will, indeed, expedite reform—if that to legislators be an agreeable contemplation—but it will be by souring and exacerbating the spirit which extorts it!"

"I think I need take no pains to prove the next characteristic of the English people—a characteristic that I shall just touch upon, viz. their wonderful spirit of industry. This has been the saving principle of the nation, counteracting the errors of our laws, and the imperfections of our constitution. We have been a great people, because we have been always active; and a moral people, because we have not left ourselves time to be vicious. Industry is, in a word *the* distinguishing quality of our nation, the pervading genius of her riches our grandeur and our power. Every great people has its main principle of greatness, some one quality, the developing, and tracing, and feeding and watching of which has made it great. Your Excellency remembers how finely Montesquieu has proved this important truth in the *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*. With France, that principle is the love of glory; with America, it is the love of liberty; with England, it is the love of action—the safest and most comprehensive principle of the three: for it gains glory without seeking it too madly, and it requires liberty in order to exist."

"Samuel Square is of a new school of radicals; he also is a republican. He is not a philosopher, but he philosophises eternally. He liveth upon 'first principles.' He cannot move a step beyond them. He hath put the feet of his mind into boxes, in order that they may not grow larger, and thinks it a beauty that they are unfit for every day walking. Whatever may be said by any man against his logic, he has but one answer—a first principle. He hath no suppleness in him. He cannot refute an error. He stateth a truism in reply, that hath no evident connexion with the matter in dispute. He thinketh men have no passions; he considereth them mere clock work, and he taketh out his eternal first principle as the only instrument to wind them up by. He is assured that all men of all classes, trades and intellects, act by self-interest, and if he telleth them that their interest is so and-so, so and so they will necessarily act. In vain you shew him that he never yet hath convinced any man—he replieth by a first principle, to prove in spite of your senses, that he hath. He has satisfied himself, and demands no further proof. He is of no earthly utility, though he hath walled himself with a supposed utilitarianism. He cannot write so as to be read because he conceives that all agreeable writing is full of danger. He cannot speak so as to be understood, precisely because he never speaks but in syllogisms. He hath no pith and succulence in him—he is as dry as a bone. He liveth by system—he never was in love in his life. He refuseth a cheerful glass; nay, perhaps he dieteth only upon vegetable food. He hath no human sympathies with you, but is a great philanthropist for the people to be born a thousand years hence. He never relieveth any one; he never caresseth any one; he never feeleth for any one—he only reasoneth with every one—and that on the very smallest inch he can find of mutual agreement. If he was ever married, I should suspect him to be the father who, advertising the other day for a runaway daughter, begged her, 'if she would not return to her disconsolate parents, to send them back the key of the tea-chest.' What is most strange about him is, that while he thinks all the rest of the world exceedingly foolish, he yet believes they are only to be governed by reason. You will find him visiting a lunatic asylum, and assuring the madman that it is not rational to be insane. He knowth not one man from another; they seem to him as sheep or babies seem to us—exactly alike. He thinketh that he ought to be a head in public affairs—the Almighty forbid! He is a scion from the tree of the new Radicals. He has few brethren; he calleth himself a philosopher, sometimes a Benthamite. He resembleth the one as the other as the barber's block resembleth a man, it is a block."

"Mr Bluff is the last character I shall describe in this chapter. He is the sensible, *practical* man—he despises all speculations, but those in which he has a share. He is very intolerant to other people's hobbies; he hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love of facts; if you could speak to him out of the multiplication table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus, 'When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied;' he would think you a shallow fellow—a theorist; but if you were to say to him, 'One thousand pauper children are born in London; in 1823, wheat was forty nine shillings; hop-grounds let from ten to twelve shillings an acre; and you must, *therefore*, confess that when abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied;' Mr Bluff would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbor, 'That's the man to my money; you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech!' Facts, like stones are nothing in themselves, their value consists in the manner in which they are put together, and the purposes to which they are applied. Accordingly, Mr Bluff is always taken in. Looking only at a fact, he does not see beyond it, and you might draw him into any impudence, if you were constantly telling him, 'two and two made four.' Mr Bluff is wonderfully English. It is by 'practical men' that we have ever been introduced into the wildest speculations; and the most preposterous of living theorists always begins his harangues with—'Now, my friends, let us look to *facts*.'"

FOREIGN.

The latest London accounts are to the 9th of July. The numerous agitations in Parliament in consequence of the measures proposed by the whig administration keep the British empire, especially the and west India interests and the church establishment upon the alert. Our extracts will furnish something like an accurate view of the condition of affairs.

The complexion of the news from Portugal is of more cheering character to the cause of the young Queen, than has been indicated during any period since the capture of Oporto by Don Pedro.

ENGLAND.—There are still four or five important measures before Parliament. The Church Temporalities' (Ireland) Bill has not yet passed the house House. Mr. Stanley's Bill for Negro Emancipation, is a secret; the East India resolutions have some progress to make, and the renewal of the Bank Charter, may still call forth lengthy discussion. Each of these may be regarded as debatable questions. The organs of the Tories hint that the Irish Church form Bill will be rejected by the Lords, and the Ministerial papers appear to see much in their insinuations. The collision, however, can hardly be expected so near the close of the session, and Earl Grey and his colleagues are just in a condition to profit by so unseemly and factitious an opposition. The country is undoubtedly with them, and an appeal to the country at this moment would only tend to increase the popular confidence in the Whig administration. It is therefore probable that the Peers will register the measures sent up from the other house, and allow the session and the recess to pass away without provoking an angry collision.

The West India question, which the country has almost forgotten, deeming it settled, has suddenly been obtruded on the public notice by a general misunderstanding among the different parties. The planters, who were silent and united as long as they were in the comfortable expectation of the liberal gift of 20,000,000 are now noisy and discordant. They are angry because ministers wish to allow the slave proprietors to participate in the benefits of the bargain, and they have quarrelled among themselves because there seems a general eagerness to overreach each other in the distribution of the money. The dispute the justice of the rule laid down for allocating the bounty of Parliament, and in the avarice of all there is danger of the measure being delayed. The plan originally proposed was that each colony should be estimated by its exports, but these were Foreign trade is scanty, demur, for it appears that while a slave, by this calculation, in one island would be worth only £15 in another place he would be worth 75. There is evidently something wrong but as Mr. Stanley's bill is not yet published, the objection may be obviated.

VALUE OF SLAVES. The indemnity to the West Indians is said to be estimated at one third value of the slaves—viz; one third of an able bodied slave £ ditto, one past his prime, £25; ditto, a child, £ Putting the three sums together, the amount is £ which gives £30 as the average; and £30 multiplied by £700.000, gives £21,000,000 as the third part of the whole, old and young.

A conference with the Commons, to communicate the adoption of the East India resolutions, was appointed, the Lords being—the Lord President, Earl of Camperdown, Lord Sidmouth, and others.

The Irish Church Temporalities Bill—(the Church Spoliation Bill, as the conservatives call it.)—received its third and last reading in the House of Commons on the 8th of July. Several attempts were made by the ultra whigs to amend the bill; but they were unsuccessful, and the bill was passed.

The Irish Reform Bill passed Parliament 274 to

The West India Slavery Bill has been postponed to the 15th.

The Anti-Slavery resolutions passed the House of Lords on the 25th of June, notwithstanding the sustaining opposition of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ellenborough and others.

A letter from Fernando Po states that according to accounts received there, the expedition to the Niger was in great distress—that the natives at the mouth of the river had refused provisions to the crew of the brig left there, with supplies for the steam vessels, and that the brig had been plundered, and that the engineer of the steamboat and one of the captains had died.

PORTUGAL. News from Lisbon and Oporto to the 26th and 28th, respectively, has been received. The expedition which sailed from Oporto, instead of making an attack on Lisbon, reached Lagos Bay, where the troops disembarked without the slightest opposition. Don Pedro is now, therefore, in possession of the Algarves, the southern province of Portugal. He has taken up his new position, nearly as much to the southeast, as the old one was to the northward of Lisbon. The country is mountainous, the people are well affected to the constitutional cause, and the Miguelite troops at a great distance from the new scene of action. Thus the war, which it was fondly hoped would have been brought to a speedy termination by the last movement, may linger on for months. Neither party, it is evident, has any wish to bring the matter to arbitrament in the field. The dispute between the two rivals will, in all probability, be ultimately adjusted by the interposition of England and France.

The following is an estimate of the Constitutional army now in Portugal, from a source fully to be relied on, 11,050 Portuguese, 2,900 French, 1,900 English, and 600 men of various other nations, 12,000 of whom it is supposed, could be brought to the field.—The Pike spoke the Talavera ship of war, bound for Lisbon on the 30th, and left in the Tagus. Asia, Dotegal, and Stag. Vessels to the number of 60 continued off Oporto. One English vessel was there on the 28th, having a full cargo of shot, shell, and rockets, waiting the opportunity to land them for the service of the Liberal army.

LONDON, July 9.—The news received to-day from Portugal, is of a very cheering description for the constitutional cause. It is brought by the City of Waterford steam vessel, one of the five which accompanied the expedition of Captain Napier from Oporto; it comes down to the 1st instant, on which day the vessel in question left Para, the chief town in the kingdom of Algarves, in which place a regency has been established for the young Queen, consisting of the Marquis Palmella, as President, Count Villa Beal, and Captain Napier. The following is an extract from an official

All the cities, towns and villages, forming the kingdom of Algarves, from Villa Real to Lagos and Sagres, that is to say, the whole line of the sea coast, have already the government of the Queen. Those of the interior, as Louli, do the same also. In two or three, as Olpas, Albufeira, Villa Nova, the people spontaneously proclaimed the Queen, even before the arrival of our troops, and in the presence almost of the Miguelites. The Governor, Viscount Molleboro, is on a precipitate retreat to Alentejo, with diminished and disorganised troops, by dispersion and desertion. Eight officers, and upwards of 200 soldiers of artillery, great numbers of soldiers of the regular army and militia, and all the officers of the navy, with the ships of war protecting the coast of Algarve, have joined us. In fact, hitherto our success exceeds my most sanguine expectations. The only opposition we encountered was a few shots from the batteries on landing, and a small skirmish in entering Tavira.—The Duke of Terceira is following up the enemy, and enters Alentejo.

Marshal Bourmont, the minister of war of Charles X. has arrived in London with his aides-de-camp and staff, on his way to Lisbon, to take the command of Don Miguel's army.

FRANCE. France seems quietly settling down into order. The Duchess of Berry has departed, and with her all the hopes of the Carlists. The republicans can hardly be said to be even noisy, and the citizen king is trying a topographical experiment on the people with gratifying success. The multitude love royalty, its tawdry and etiquette, and Louis Phillip in his tour has no reason to think that a king is not honored even in France.

BELGIUM. Brussels papers state that the Austrian and Prussian Governments had at length come to the determination of sending accredited Ambassadors to the Court of Leopold.

SPAIN. The Jura, or swearing allegiance to the eldest daughter of the King of Spain,in the character of Princess of Asturias, the mode in which it has been usual to acknowledge the next branch in succession, passed off quietly on the 20th, but gave rise to no enthusiasm.

We learn from Berlin, that the German universities are to be all remodelled, and all political associations in them effectually excluded.

The Germanic confederation has come to the resolution not to allow one inch of Luxembourg to be granted to Belgium.

The young blood of Germany is agitated, and the prevalence of discontent promises a beneficial movement ere long in favor of liberty The German Princes, however, are likely to make proper concessions to the spirit of the times, and a bloodless revolution may give a peaceable people more than they could hope to acquire by a resort to arms.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE. On Thursday, while Mr Montgomery,a banker,in Irvine, and another gentleman were fishing in the river Garnock, they were struck with the appearance of a whirlpool in the centre of the river, which appeared as if the waters were rapidly descending into the earth. They immediately concluded that the bed of the river had given way and that the waters were descending into the colleries beneath, and hastened to the nearest pit's mouth to give an alarm. The men below soon heard the mighty rushing of the waters, and hastened to escape, which providentially they all effected, though without a moment to spare, several of them being up to their necks in water. The water continued to pour into the extensive cavities beneath, and the next day a tremendously large space broke down, into which the whole river descended, leaving its bed quite dry for the space of a mile on each side of the aperture where it had previously been full six feet deep. On the flowing of the tide the depth of the water below the chasm increased to nine feet; the desolation was awful. The water still rushed in a torrent into the earth. Three men in a boat had an almost miraculous escape from being sucked into the vortex; they had no sooner got out than the boat was drawn down with fearful rapidity.

The great body of water continued to pour down till the whole workings which extended many miles, were completely filled. A new scene of terror now presented itself—the imprisoned air, pressed by the weight of water,burst through the surface of the earth in a thousand places, which for the extent of many acres, presented the appearance of a boiling cauldron Immense quantities of sand and water were thrown up and descended like torrents of rain for many hours. By this calamity six hundred persons are thrown out of employ; and so extensive is the destruction as to preclude the hope that the works are ever to be restored to their former state.—*Edinburgh Evg Courant.*

Chandos House, which for nearly twenty years has been the seat of the Austrian Embassy in this country, is undergoing a thorough renovation, preparatory to the return of Prince Paul Esterhary, who has left Vienna on his return to assume his diplomatic functions here. The Prince has been staying on leave at Vienna about eighteen months. His Highness will be accompanied by his son Prince Nicholas a youth of 16.

SILLY BILLIES. The Whigs are now called the Silly Billies. The nick-name is vulgar, but not impertinent, Could there, for instance, have been greater simplicity than Lord Althorp evinced on Monday night, in attempting to move a new clause in the resolutions respecting the Bank Charter. He wished every one presenting a £5 note at a country bankers to be entitled to get five sovereigns for it. "Good," said Sir R. Peel, "and if he presents two five pound notes, or twenty, he will. I suppose get sovereigns for them too." "Oh, no" returned the astute Chancellor, "I did not mean that either," said Lord Althorp, a little confused. "If that be the effect of my plan, I am afraid I have not considered it enough." "I am afraid, indeed, you have not," observed Sir Robert,and so Lord Althorp looked foolish, and the House began to laugh at the natural sarcasm and its effects. Now be it remembered, this according to the Whigs, is an enlightened age; and, mind, *the schoolmaster is abroad.* Is it not time for them to call him home again, and give the Chancellor of the Exchequer a few more lessons?

FOREIGN ITEMS.—Mount Vesuvius has been in a state of eruption since the 28th of May, and is daily thronged with thousands, many of whom pass the night at the brink of the crater. At about fifty paces from the burning bed of lava, booths are erected for supplying refreshments.

A young Englishman, of respectable appearance, has been arrested at a money-changer's in the Palais Royal, in the act of passing forged Bank of England notes to a considerable amount. Forged notes to the value of £12,000 were discovered in his lodgings.

The best coals are selling in London at 24s the ton, which is equal to about 32s (about $7,68) a chaldron.

It is contemplated to establish a new line of British built packets between Liverpool and N. York. They are to be constructed for rapid sailing. They will be built by private hands, the post-office contributing a portion of their cost. A steam vessel of 50 horse power has lately been launched at Vienna, destined to navigate the Danube, and supply the capitol with cattle from Hungary.

A society of pigeon fanciers at Ghent give an annual prize for the best carrier pigeon. This year it was decided, on the 24th ult. when 24 birds were sent off from Rouen, where they had been conveyed from Ghent. The first which arrived made the transit in an hour and a half, gaining the prize; 1 reached Ghent in two hours and a half, 3 arrived in the course of the day, and 4 were lost. The distance in a direct line is about 150 miles.

At a district School in Exeter, a short time since, several children belonging to a family in that town, were observed by the mistress to act strangely—some of them appearing drowsy and tumbling from their seats—others being more loquacious than usual, making strange gestures, &c. On questioning the eldest girl, as to the cause of this strange conduct, she answered,—"Father gave us all *Rum and Molasses* this morning for breakfast!"—*Essex Reg.*

A man in a passion is terrible to his enemies; but a woman *in a passion, is disgusting to her friends*—she loses all the respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other kind of respect.—*Transcript.*

SMILES.—Pride is like a stately turkey, which gloomily and contemptuously strides along; conceit is like the sun flower, which impudently turns and stares at the sun; while humility is like a lovely flower, which is almost hidden among more prominent and less beautiful plants.—*Treatise on Happiness.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The woman who threw herself from the roof of a house in Milton street on Thursday, died on Sunday at the hospital.

STAGE ACCIDENT.—The Waltham stage, on coming down George street, this morning, was overturned. It contained ten lady passengers inside, and four gentlemen outside, no one of whom were injured. The horses were stopped by the driver. Two of the door posts of the stage were broken off, and the stage otherwise damaged.—*Trans.*

ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday week, a seaman fell from the top-gallant yard of the ship Fame, at Fox Point, and landed upon the wharf. He fell about 80 or 90 feet, and strange to tell, was not killed. He is now under the care of Dr. Allen, U. S. Surgeon of this port, and will undoubtedly recover.—*Providence City Gaz.*

FIRE.—The Woollen Factory in Royalston, belonging to Rufus Bullock, Esq. was consumed by fire, on Wednesday night, the 7th of August, with all its contents,—Machinery, a large quantity of finished and unfinished Cloth, and stock of Wool. Loss estimated at 15,000 dollars—no insurance.—*Worcester Spy.*

We regret to state, that the son of a highly respectable gentleman of this city, expired yesterday near Frankford, from that horrible malady, *hydrophobia.*—He was bitten by a dog, not known at the time to be mad, about nine weeks ago; and a few days since, the effects of the wound began to appear. Every remedy used was unavailing; and the unhappy lad deceased with all the painful symptoms of one of the most afflicting diseases to which humanity is subject. We have not learned whether the *hueco,*—a plant which is said to be effectual in mastering the subtle poison conveyed in the bite of a mad dog,—was made use of or not. It is presumable, however, that nothing was neglected which could be calculated to relieve the sufferer.—*Phil. Gaz.*

WHISKEY AND HOMICIDE. Three or more drunken foreigners, in the north part of the city, retired to bed together last night, but not satisfied with the whiskey they drank previous to retiring, after they had got to bed, called for more, which, we believe was furnished them. Soon, one of them being noisy and obstreperous. his companion kicked him out of bed; and continuing his noise and disturbance, another kicked or threw him down stairs. In falling he broke his neck and soon died. This morning an examination has been had by the police who ordered one of the drunken brutes to be committed for trial.—*Troy Press.*

NO 'PROPER PLACE' FOR IT. A law of Virginia allows the retailing of spirituous liquors at '*proper places*,' in the different counties. In one of the counties, the magistrates have decided that there is no '*proper place*' within their jurisdiction for such a purpose.—*Atlas.*

The Dry Docks at Charlestown and Norfolk cost $1,530.702. Dry Dock at Charlestown $652,482—do at Norfolk $878,220.

THE THEATRES.—The Warren Theatre will be opened on Monday the 19th of the present month, under the management of Mr. Pelby, and the Tremont, under Mr. Barry's management, on Monday the 2d of next month. The artists are employed in painting the interiors of both houses, and making other ornamental improvements —*Globe.*

TREMONT THEATRE. The Advocate says that this house is to be put in fine order for the winter campaign, the new Lessee having made many alterations in its interior. Among the improvements is the introduction of Gas Lights.

NAVY YARD,CHARLESTOWN .On Saturday morning, shortly after nine o'clock, the Hon. Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Navy, the members of the Navy Board—Commodores Rogers, Chauncy and Morris—with other gentlemen, visited the above establishment. There were so many interesting objects to be examined that the commissioners thought it best to divide themselves into detachments for the better accomplishment of their purpose. Here are no less than four 74s, two frigates and two sloops of war.—The Vermont and Virginia 74's together with the Cumberland frigate under cover on the stocks—the Columbus and Independence 74's under cover in the stream—Old Ironsides repairing in the dry dock, and the sloops of war Boston and Erie—the latter undergoing a thorough repair at the wharf. The three vessels have been upon the stocks about six, eight and ten years, one of them perhaps longer, are all in excellent preservation and might all probably be launched in 60 or 90 days. The 74s are of the same size with the Delaware, being pierced for 102 guns. The Cumberland frigate is pierced for 62 guns, it being eight more than the Constitution—this and the only difference between them arising from the Cumberland's having four guns more on each side in her waist. The Boston sloop of war is of the largest class, mounting 24 medium guns. The Erie mounts 22.

We are informed that the members of the Board expressed themselves highly gratified with the order, regularity and general appearance of the Yard. On this occasion the steam engine in connection with the dry dock was put in operation, and worked, as it has done from the very first, to admiration. The hull of the frigate Constitution, as far as the examination has proceeded, is found to be in remarkable preservation; and the beauty and symmetry of her model, which is now displayed to the best advantage, are the theme of universal admiration. She will now undergo a thorough repair, and in the course of a few months will be restored to her element.—*Gaz.*

NAVY DEPARTMENT. Extract of a letter of Lt Joseph Smoot, commanding United States Schooner Grampus, to Commodore John D. Henley, Commander of the West India Squadron, dated at

PENSACOLA, 20th July, 1833.

"I have the honor to report my arrival at this anchorage this morning, agreeably to your instructions of the 17th of January; I have executed them most strictly, as far as circumstances would admit; I have visited the following Windward and Leeward Islands: Barbadoes, St Lucia, Dominica, Martinique, Gaudaloupe, Antigua, St Christopher, St Croix, St Thomas Porto Rico, St Domingo and Grand Caymans, without hearing of the two vessels of which you furnished me a description from the Department; and from every information I could obtain from the American Consuls and respectable American merchants resident in those Islands, that no pirates had been heard of, and that they had reason to believe that none at this time exist. They are extremely anxious that our cruizers should be frequently seen,to intimidate those wretches who would avail themselves of the absence of our vessels of war.

"The Grampus can be got ready for sea, in ten or twelve days, or sooner if necessary. The general good health which we have enjoyed, is no doubt owing to the thorough cleansing of her timbers at Norfolk of every particle of filth.

"I have been handed strong documents from merchants and others in Mexico, and I conceive the portion of the squadron left, can be most actively employed on that coast. I shall therefore direct Lt Taylor to sail the most early opportunity, say Wednesday next; and I shall follow immediately, the repairs, &c notwithstanding.

CONVENTION OF FARMERS, MECHANICS, &c.—We have seen in the Artisan, that this Convention will have its second meeting on the first Wednesday in September It is stated by a writer in that paper, that the Boston papers will not be anxious to give publicity to this meeting. We should hope otherwise; and for ourselves, we shall heartily give it all the publicity in our power; for we sincerely approve its avowed objects; namely: the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the productive classes. We cannot imagine that a Convention of Farmers and Mechanics, assembled from all parts of New-England, for the purpose of looking into their own concerns, and consulting on the effects of the existing laws, and the present state of education, can be productive of any thing but good consequences.—*Gazette.*

MILITIA FINES.—The Philadelphia Gazette of Friday last says, a respectable looking gentlemen, with white hat, specs, and a green bag, whose avocation is the collection of militia fines, within the bounds of the Bloody 84th—late Col. Pluck's regiment, was on Thursday, much annoyed by the obstreperous behaviour of some of the delinquent fantasticals. About noon, he entered a tan-yard where some half dozen of the enrolled, were at work, and presented to each a bill of fines, with a hint that to "fork up" promptly would save some trouble and some additional costs. The delinquents said nothing, but with a concerted movement, seized the unsuspecting collector—white hat, specs, green bag, and all, and gave him a gentle dip into a tan vat. This done they made him turn his steps homeward, lest he take cold, and bade him never trouble them more. Remonstrance was in vain, and the unhappy wight, with a most disappointed air, and in a deplorable trim, *toted* away, followed by a shouting mob of a hundred boys.

Miss Kemble made her first appearance in Quebec as Bianca, before a very respectable audience.

The Congress of the United Mexican States have appropriated *thirty thousand dollars* for the purchase of periodical publications—almost all of which are, of course, to be imported from foreign countries.

By a law of Great Britain, no vessel but a King's ship can bear a pennant or union flag. The master of a steam ship has been fined £50 for violating that law.

The United States ship Warren left Montevideo for Buenos Ayres on the 17th ult. on account of Captain Cooper having received private information that the property of American citizens was not safe, according to all appearance, as some extraordinary movement was anticipated. The packet from Buenos Ayres, had arrived at Montevideo on the morning of the 17th, which brought the news by private letters to several merchants in the city. The nature of the intelligence, although the captain made inquiries of several tradesmen on the subject, could not be ascertained.—*Phil. Gaz.*

Our Hotels have been crowded with strangers during the last two or three weeks, and the continued running of stages, baroaches, carriages, equestrians, and pedestrians about town and to Mount Holyoke, have given Northampton quite the air of a fashionable watering place. There is an unusual number of travellers this season from "south of the Potomac," so say the registers at the Hotels. This indicates a better feeling at the South than last year, when our friends there disdained making their accustomed fashionable visits north of "Mason and Dixon's" line.—*Northampton Courier.*

Captains of vessels recently arrived from Europe state that the winds and weather have been so very moderate at sea, that the Atlantic could have been crossed in the smallest boat in perfect safety.

A singular case of a severe burn cured by the use of a solution of the chloride of soda, is recorded in the London Lancet. An attorney, in attempting to put out the flames that had attacked the curtains of his bed, had got his hands burned, blistered, but not broken. He sent for a couple of quarts of the lotion, (4 oz. of the solution to a pint of water,) had it poured into soup plates, wrapped his hands in lint, as no skin was broken: and so kept them for some time. Next morning he was so perfectly well that only one small dried patch of burn remained; yet an hour and a half had elapsed before the application. The same solution has been equally effectual in scalds and bruises: it never fails almost immediately to heal a "black eye." When the chloride is used for scalds, it is necessary to use with it in the after applications some spermaceti ointment.—*Phil. Sent.*

Mr Cobb, of Dedham, (Mass) has lately manufacsome excellent silk pocket handkerchiefs, and black mantua, for pantaloons. They are both of so encouraging a quality, that Mr Cobb has extended the culture of the silk worm.

REMEDY AGAINST THE CANKERWORM. A gentleman informs that in Plymouth, Mass they make use of the following mixture as a substitute for tar, preserving fruit trees against Canterworms, viz: White Varnish, Soft Soap, and Whale Oil, one third of each to be mixed and applied at the times and manner of the usual application of tar for the same purpose.—The advantages of the mixture, we understand, are that it is not so soon hardened by the weather, and of course need not be so often applied, and does not in the least injure the trees to which the application is made.

It is to be regretted that the cotton factories in Patterson, N. J. have been stopping their works, in consequence of the high price of cotton. The new crop is in excellent condition and very abundant, and will, we hope, be sold at such prices as will enable the manufacturers of that industrious and flourishing little town to resume their business, which is its chief wealth.—*Phil. Chron.*

BIRTHS.—Mrs. W. Musgrave, late Miss Heaphy, the eminent min ature painter, wife of Mr. Musgrave, teacher of music, London, was safely delivered, June 27, of three fine boys, making four sons, within ten months.

MONTREAL, Aug. 6.—At seven o'clock this morning, this city was visited by an awful storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by torrents of rain, which descended for several hours without any abatement. The lightning was most vivid, and the loud and almost incessant thunder shook the strongest habitations. We fear that to the standing crops much damage must ensue, as the rain descended almost perpendicularly, and in quantity exceeding any thing we have witnessed this season.—*Gaz.*

A PROLIFIC COW.—Mr. Abel Woodward of New Lyme, in this county, has a cow that is only eight years old, that has had *twelve calves!* and had none till she was three years old. The fact is well authenticated that she has produced six pair of twins!—*Ohio Amtabula Repub.*

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.—During the delivery of one of those tedious and interminable speeches that are often inflicted upon the House of Representatives, a member who had occupied the floor many hours, was called to order, on the ground that his remarks were not pertinent to the question before the House. "I know it—said he—I am not speaking for the benefit of the house, but for posterity."—"Speak a little longer, (said John Randolph, in an under tone,) and you will have your audience before you."

[From the Salem Register.]

YOUNG FROTHINGHAM. We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following letter from Joseph Frothingham, received by his parents on Saturday, communicating the gratifying intelligence of his safe arrival at New York from Liverpool. The letter of this young gentleman, which has been recently published, and the one below, were never intended by him for the public eye; but taking into view the extraordinary circumstances of the case, and the curiosity of the public to learn, the whole history of it, it has been thought advisable to give them publicity:

New York, Aug 7, 1833.

Dear Parents—This afternoon I landed on the shores of our own blessed country. You recollect I wrote you from Liverpool on the day of my arrival. I was then in a most awkward situation—destitute of funds, or references, I was indeed a stranger in a strange land. I soon found that I must give up all thoughts of going beyond Liverpool, and all my aim was to secure a passage home. I found it impossible to get a passage to Boston, and after considerable difficulty secured a passage on board the British ship Tay, for New York—the agents taking my word and *cloak* as security for payment. She was advertised to sail June 5th, but did not leave the river till the 15th. We first steered S. but the wind changing we turned about and entered the North Channel—had a good view of the Scottish Highlands. Contrary winds prevailed during the whole passage, and the voyage was to me about as unpleasant as you can conceive. But he who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm, brought us across the ocean in safety, and last Saturday evening the ship came to anchor off Staten Island where she still remains at quarantine.

The passengers were sent to the city this afternoon on board a schooner. I lost my hat overboard some days before we arrived, and landed in New York with an old woollen cap. Stopped at a public house near the wharf, and immediately sent a note to Arnold & Hearn. In about half an hour, two of the clerks came with a coach and drove to my old lodgings, at Mr Hearn's. I have been kindly furnished with such clothes as my immediate necessities required, by a brother of Mr H. and Messrs A. & H. have generously offered to lend me money to any amount, and I shall immediately furnish myself with every thing necessary. I have thought best to tarry in the city till I hear from you. As soon as I receive funds to settle my affairs here, I shall return home without a moment's delay. Have been blessed with sound health of body and mind, ever since I arrived at Liverpool—have not perceived the slightest recurrence of mental alienation. I feel exceedingly unpleasant at having been the subject of so much excitement, but the matter cannot be helped. Have not time to write more, but hope to see you, and tell you every thing in about a week. Your affectionate son,

JOSEPH.

The following salutation took place,a few mornings since in the market—"Ah, Pat, is that you? If I hadn't seen ye, I shouldn't have known ye!"

MARRIAGES.

In Beverly, Dr Francis Cogswell to Mrs Nancy Gage; Benjamin T. Lane to Nancy C. daughter of Col Amos Sheldon; Thomas Bickford to Elizabeth Morse.

In Wareham, Henry Robinson, of East Falmouth, to Sarah Ann B. daughter of Ezra Swett, Esq.

In Chatham, Zelotes Wixen, of Dennis, to Diadamia Hawes.

In New Bedford, Joseph Graffam to Elizabeth Magrath.

In Fall River, Job Lawton to Sarah Ann Negus.

In Tiverton, R. I. Phinehas Savory, of Attleboro', Ms to Sally Almy of Little Compton.

In Warren,Capt John Stockford to Mrs Eliza Henderson.

DEATHS.

In this city, Frances, wife of J. D. Robbins, aged 64.

In Charlestown, Joseph, son of William Hurd, 4

In Roxbury, William T. son of William M. Crehore, 3 months.

In Weston, Gregory Clark, formerly of this city, aged 34.

In Gloucester, Elizabeth Sawyer, 69; Samuel Gilbert, 18.

In Newburyport, Hannah Batchelder Burbank,aged 20.

In Methuen, Elizabeth Hall, aged 73.

In Marshfield, Ruth, widow of the late William Macomber, aged 87.

For a Short Time Longer, Maelzel's Exhibition

OF THE

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW AND THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, &C.

AT CONCERT HALL.

IN consequence of the request of many Mr MAELZEL is induced to extend his EXHIBITION for a short time longer.

Performance every evening during the week, (except Saturday) to commence precisely at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

Admittance 50 cents—children half price.

☞ Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or at the door in the evening. aug 3

Tam O'Shanter.

THE Exhibition of the four Statues,by JAMES THOM, illustrative of this celebrated Poem, will continue open at Harding's Gallery in School street, for two months only. They are a comic group, the size of life, and executed without either model or drawing, in a solid block of hard Ayrshire rock, by a self-taught workman,professionally a Stone Cutter. They have been viewed with universal astonishment and admiration throughout England, Scotland and Ireland—their Exhibition has been equally successful in New York and hitherto in this city.

Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

Poem with Critical Notices, &c 12 1-2 cents. Poem, with Landseer's Illustrations, 50 cents.

aug 17 3t

Canova's Statues.

THE EXHIBITION of CANOVA'S DANCER, his GRACES and other STATUES, at *CORINTHIAN HALL*, over Cunningham's Auction Room, will hereafter be open from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M.—from 3 P. M. to half past 6—and from half past 7 till 10 o'clock.

Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets, 50 cents.

july 27 tf

Athenæum Gallery.

THE Annual Exhibition of PICTURES at the Athenæum Gallery opened on Wednesday, 15th inst.

WILLIAM T. ANDREWS,
ISAAC P. DAVIS,
THOMAS W. WARD,
WILLIAM J. LORING,
JONATHAN MASON,
THOMAS G. CARY,
} Committee.

may 18 istf

A Card.

JOHN L. WHITE, respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has returned to the stand formerly kept by him in Union street, No 29, known as the

UNION-STREET HOUSE,

where a few boarders can be accommodated in pleasant sleeping chambers. The House has recently undergone a thorough repair. His Bar will be constantly stocked with the best of Liquors and every attention will be paid to his Guests.

J. L. W. hopes by constant personal attention to the establishment, to merit and receive a share of public patronage. tf aug 17

The People's Magazine.

NO. 9. Price one dollar a year, is published this morning.

CONTENTS. The Arabian Camel—Conclusion of a Tour through the interior of Mexico—the Banana—Baboons—the Geneva—Waterton's account of the Sloth—Chick in the Egg—Animal Associations—the Happy Life—Marvellous Story—Varieties. LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121, Washington street. july 20

National Portrait Gallery

OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Part 2—containing Portrait of President Andrew Jackson, by Longacre; Major General Israel Putnam and Miss Sedgwick.

Also, Gallery of the Graces. Part 3, just received at 121 Washington street, by LILLY, WAIT & CO. may 25

Elastic Frame Satin Stocks.

RICH plain and bow, plaited and plain, colored and black Satin Stocks,for sale at Kimball's 12 Washington street, Wholesale and Retail. july 20

SUSPENDERS!

LINEN SUSPENDERS with springs, and made without seams or leather. —ALSO—

Silk Suspenders, a very durable article, the webbing composed of pure Italian sewing silk. —Also—

India Rubber Suspenders of French manufacture, a very celebrated and elastic article. —Likewise—

Worsted and Cotton Net and Web Suspenders, with and without springs; double and single fronts, &c.; together with an assortment of low price, for sale at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12 Washington street, a few doors above Dock Square. april 13

Pocket Inkstands.

A GOOD article for Reporters, and for the pocket, for sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. may 18

Part Third.

THE National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans. Containing Chief Justice John Marshall, Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, and William Wirt. For sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street. june 29

NEW STYLE. Rich SATIN STOCKS, plain and plaited, with bows, from French and English patterns and Yankee ingenuity, now finishing and for sale at KIMBALL'S. 12 Washington street.

☞ Country traders are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. may 4

Spurzheim's Anatomy of the BRAIN,

WITH a general view of the nervous system—translated from unpublished French Ms. By R. Willis, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. Just received at 121, Washington street, by *LILLY, WAIT & CO.* june 1

Athenæum Gallery.

THE Committee for managing the Exhibition of Pictures at the Athenæum Gallery have made arrangements to give the facilities of a Public Sale for the pictures in the Exhibition, of such artists as may wish to take advantage of the opportunity. The sale will take place in the Gallery in the course of the next week, and the pictures will be sold with the condition that they are to remain during the Exhibition. It is obvious that none can be admitted as purchasers without providing themselves with tickets. For the Committee,

June 20 WM. T. ANDREWS.

Frankenstein,

OR, the Modern Prometheus—by Mary W Shelly. Author of the Last Man, Perkin Warbeck &c. in 2 vols.

"Vigorous, terrible, and with its interest sustained to the last, Frankenstein is certainly one of the most original works that ever proceeded from a female pen."—Literary Gazette.

The Romance of a child of genius.—Canning.

One of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and forever.—Moore's Life of Byron.

This work will be universally acceptable.—Atlas.

Perhaps there is no modern invention which has taken more thorough hold of the popular imagination than Frankenstein.—Spectator.

Received this day, and for sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121, Washington street. june 8

Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash.

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth and Cleaning the Mouth.

THE Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash effectually cleanses the Teeth, and will answer the purposes of the best dentifrice. It contains no acid or any ingredient which can in any case be injurious. It will also be found to keep the brush itself free from all impurities.

It has the further advantage of cleansing the mouth also; and of removing whatever is offensive in the breath. It hardens the gums, and is a valuable remedy for canker or soreness of the mouth. In fine it preserves the teeth and mouth in all respects in a clean and healthy condition. It is agreeable to the taste. Gentlemen who are in the habit of using tobacco, will find that the tooth wash will speedily remove all the effects of it from the mouth.

From Benjamin Silliman, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in Yale College.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I return you my thanks for the bottles of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash which I have received, and which I cannot doubt will prove beneficial, as the ingredients named by you, and confirmed by Mr. Hayes, are all salutary in regard to the object in view.

I will use the preparation at your request, and should I see any cause to dissent, I will write to you on the subject.

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
B. SILLIMAN.

Nev-Haven, Conn. March 23, 1832.

From J. W. Webster, M. D., Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University.

Harvard University, Cambridge, March 14, 1831. I have examined the 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' received from you, and have no hesitation in stating my belief that it will answer the purpose for which you have compounded it. I have discovered in it no ingredient which can prove injurious to the teeth.

Yours, &c. J. W. WEBSTER.

From A. Rea, M. D.

Portland, Me Nov. 7, 1831.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I received a bottle of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash from you, for which I am much obliged to you. I believe it to be a valuable article. I have used it with very happy effect for cleansing the teeth and hardening the gums. Yours, &c.

A. REA.

From Sylvanus Plympton, M. D.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Gentlemen, I have frequently administered your Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash in various affections of the mouth and throat; such as Aptha, attendant on Scarlatina and Cholera Infantum, Ptyalism, (mercurial sore mouth,) &c. and relief has been immediate and permanent. In a neuralgic affection of the face and head, (tic doloreaux) arising from a depraved state of the gums and defective teeth, which had resisted many powerful approved medicines, this Wash acted like a charm. I hesitate not to give it my entire approbation for the purposes for which it was made, and consider it one of the most safe, pleasant and effectual articles of the kind ever offered to the public.

I am yours, &c. S. PLYMPTON.

Cambridge, Dec. 9, 1831.

From Mr. A. A. Hayes, Operative Chemist and Superintendent of the Roxbury Chemical Works.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Gentlemen: Having examined the bottle of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash you gave me, and become acquainted with its composition, it affords me pleasure to express my belief that it well deserves the high reputation it has acquired. It does not contain any substance in solution or suspension, which can either chemically or mechanically injure the teeth, and observation and experience confirm the opinion, that its effects on the mouth are salutary and very agreeable.

With respect, A. A. HAYES.

Roxbury Larboratory, Feb. 8, 1832.

From J. V. C. Smith, M. D. Quarantine Physician for the Port of Boston, (late professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Berkshire Medical Institution.)

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Although I have neglected to give your Tooth Wash a thorough personal trial, gentlemen of the profession assure me that it has answered their highest expectations. The medicinal articles which enter into its composition induce me to believe that its application to the ulcerated and otherwise diseased surfaces of the mouth and throat, will be appropriate, efficacious and satisfactory. Respectfully yours,

J. V. C. SMITH.

March 20, 1832.

☞ Recommendations from Drs. Shurtleff, Flint and others, may be examined on the wrapper of each bottle.

. There are perhaps twenty imitations of this Tooth Wash, which wholly or partially assume the above name; none of which have any connexion with the genuine. The wrapper to each bottle is signed in the hand writing of LOWE & REED, inventors and sole proprietors. For sale by the Druggists generally. Price 50 cents.

Edinburgh Review, No. 95,

JUST Published by LILLY, WAIT & CO.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. 1. John Hopkins's Notions of Political Economy. By the author of Conversations on Political Economy.

2. Illustrations of Political Economy. By Harriet Martineau.

II. Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, MD. FRS President of the Linnean Society. Edited by Lady Smith.

III. Answer of the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to an article in the Ediburgh Review for October, 1832.

IV. Journal of Voyages and Travels by the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, and George Bennet. Esq. deputed from the London Missionary Society, to visit their various stations in the South Sea Islands, China, India, &c. between the years 1821 and 1829. Compiled from the original documents by James Montgomery.

V. Jury Trial in Scotland, improved by being extended; a Letter to the Lord Chancellor. By a Member of the Scottish Bar.

VI. Faust: a Dramatic Poem by Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with remarks on former translations and notes. By the translator of Savigny's 'Of the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence.'

VII. 1. Scheme for a Graduated Property Tax.

2. Suggestions for the relief of the Public Burdens.

VIII. 1. Treatise on Burning Instruments, containing the method of building large Polyzonal Lenses. By David Brewster, LLD. FRS.

2. Memoire sur un Nouveau Systeme d'Eclairage des Phares. Par M. A. Fresnel.

3. On the Construction of Polyzonal Lenses, and Mirrors of great magnitude, for lighthouses, and Burning Instruments; and on the formation of a great national burning apparatus. By David Brewster, LLD. FRS.

4. Saggio di Osservazioni, &c. or an Essay on the best means of Improving the Construction of Lighthouses: with an Appendix, which treats specially of their Illumination by Gas. By the Chevalier G. Aldini, Member of the Royal Institute of Science, Belles Lettres, and the Arts, at Milan.

5. Rapport contenant L'Exposition du Systeme adopte par la Commission des Phares, pour eclairer les Cotes de France. Par M. de Rossel, Contre-Amiral Honoraire, et Membre de l'Institut.

6 Account of a New System of Illumination for Lighthouses. By David Brewster, LLD. FRS.

IX. 1. Artis Logicæ Rudimenta, with illustrative observations on each section.

2. Elements of Logic. By Richard Whately, DD. Principal of St Alban's Hall, and late fellow of Oriel College.

3. Introduction to Logic, from Dr. Whately's Elements of Logic. By the Rev. Samuel Hinds, M A. of Queen's College, and Vice-Principal of St Alban's Hall, Oxford.

4. Outline of a New System of Logic, with a critical examination of Dr. Whately's 'Elements of Logic.' By George Bentham, Esq.

5. An Examination of some passages in Dr. Whately's Elements of Logic. By George Cornewall Lewis, Esq. Student of Christ Church,

6. A Treatise on Logic on the basis of Aldrich, with illustrative notes by the Rev. John Huyshe, M A. Brazennose College, Oxford.

7. Questions on Aldrich's Logic, with references to the most popular treatises.

8. Key to Questions on Aldrich's Logic.

9. Introduction to Logic.

10. Aristotle's Philosophy. (An Article in vol. iii, of the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, now publishing.) By the Rev. Rean Dickson Hampden, M A. late Fellow of the Oriel College, Oxford.

X. 1. The Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

2. The Saturday Magazine of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

3. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

XI. 1. Ireland, a Tale, by Harriet Martineau.

2. Speech of the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, on the Bill for Suppressing Disturbances in Ireland.

3. Speech of the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, on the Bill for Suppressing disturbances in Ireland.

4. Speech of the Right Hon. Spring Rice, on the Repeal of the Union. june 29

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Yielding its Strength to Wine or Water.

As a security against counterfeits, the label will be signed by the wholesale agent, PARKER BARNES. Likewise the steel plate will be observed, as there is a spurious article, which has been offered to the public.

IN the Spring of the year, every one is troubled more or less with a propensity to sleep, and by the use of this corrective it can be obviated entirely. For purifying and eradicating all kinds of humors from the blood, even if they appear externally in the face, or any part of the body, it is much better and far more efficacious than any external application; in fact I seldom know it to fail in proving effectual. The patient will find it operates more in the blood than any other preparation they ever referred to; it is far better than salts, sulphur, cream tartar, or any preparation of this kind, for when the blood is once purified with this corrective, it remains in an even temperature through the summer months. For a foul stomach, jaundice, general debility, weakness of the limbs want of appetite, bilious and liver complaints, headache, stupor, &c. &c. For the catarrh, which is generally occasioned by the impure state of the blood, there is nothing extant that has proved so efficacious as this purifying corrective. For all of the above complaints it is seldom known to fail in proving an effectual remedy.

It is really worth the public attention, as every one is aware of the unpleasant, dull, heavy feeling which the spring of the year produces. And by the use of this corrective, it can be obviated entirely; every one who makes use of the above preparation, will be astonished at the mild and gentle effect it has on the blood.

Certificates. This is to certify, that I have been troubled in the spring and summer seasons with a dull and stupid feeling, which very much troubled me while about my business, and by taking some of Warner's Purifying Powders I have found it a perfect remedy, and with confidence can recommend it to others, who may be similarly affected. ELIAS PIKE.

Boston, April 16, 1832.

Joseph Moore of Boston, certifies that he has taken Warner's Family Corrective, or Purifying Powder for purifying the blood, and curing

MISCELLANIES.

Moore's new work, entitled, "*The Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*," is just republished in this country. This is held to be rather a singular book for the author of "*Little's Poems*," and the bard of love and wine, has not escaped the shafts of those who are incredulous of the sincerity of his conversion. The following is one among many of the darts that have been aimed at him.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Well now, by the powers! if ever there came,
A work from the press that might make a man roar
With a giant-like laugh, we surely may claim,
That laugh for the last self-exposure of Moore.

This bill-and-coo turtle, as people believed him,
Turns out, after all, but a carrier pigeon,
Doom'd to flutter about by the doubts that deceived him,
In search of that jewel most rare—a religion.

The places he flew to, at first, to be sure,
Were not the most likely to favor his search,
For some how or other, his piety, so pure,
Traversed taverns and brothels more than chapel or church.

Then to palaces, princely and lordly he went—
Religion's pleasant enough for a lover to revel—
But as to the mission on which he was bent,
Not so consonant quite as they are to the devil.

And to prove how sincere was his love for the just,
How eager he wished to guide others aright,
He spawn'd some vile volumes of dandified lust,
The muse to degrade and the spotless to blight.

Nor did he disdain to be Whiggery's tool,
The thick-and-thin scribbler for lordling and knave,
The tuft hunting "friend" of each dignified fool,
An absentee-patriot, poet and slave.

Thus the years roll'd away, and life's "roses" began
To wither, and hopes of preferment to faint;
When, feeling the curse that he ne'er could be MAN,
He sought for a blessing by turning mere SAINT.

His country lay bleeding beneath the rude hands
Of the man he had fawn'd on in energy's hour—
Not an effort made he 'gainst the thousand fold bands
Around that lorn victim of profligate power.

But with sixty years' weight on his half-and-half soul,
He crawl'd from the pathways of lust, so long trod;
And leaving, perforce, his "loves," banquet, and bowl—
The loss of the life-cup he offered to God?

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

EXTRACT FROM TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

"No chance of removing to Peter Gelid's this evening."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, poor Popperpot Wagtail is alarmingly ill; inflammatory symptoms have appeared,and"——Here the colloquy was cut short by the entrance of Mrs Peter Gelid—a pretty woman enough. She had come to learn herself from our landlady, how Wagtail was,and with the kindliness of the country, she volunteered to visit poor little Waggy in his sick-bed. I did not go into the room with her; but when she returned, she startled us all a good deal,by stating her opinion that the worthy man was really very ill, in which she was corroborated by the Doctor who now arrived. So soon as the *medico* saw him, he bled him, and after prescribing a lot of effervescing draughts, and various febrifuge mixtures, he left a large blister with the old brown landlady, to be applied over his stomach if the wavering and flightiness did not leave him before morning. As I knew Gelid was expected at his brother's, to meet a large assemblage of kindred, and as the night was rainy and tempestuous, I persuaded him to trust the watch to me; and as our brown landlady had been up nearly the the whole of the previous night, I sent for Tailtackle to spell me,while the black valets acted with great assiduity in their capacity of surgeon's mates. About two in the morning Mr Wagtail became delirious, and it was all that I could do, aided by my sable assistants, and an old black nurse to hold him down in his bed. Now was the time to clap on the blister, but he repeatedly tore it off, so that at length we had to give it up for an impracticable job; and Tailtackle, whom I had called up from his pallet, where he had gone to lie down for an hour, placed the *caustico*, as the Spaniards call it,at the side of the bed.

"No use in trying this any more at present," said I; "we must wait until he gets quieter, Mr Tailtackle; so go to your bed,and I shall lie down on this sofa here, where Marie Paparoche—(this was our old landlady)—has spread sheets,I see,and made all comfortable. And send Mr Bang's servant, will you?—(friend Aaron had ridden into the country that morning to visit a friend, and the storm as I conjectured, had kept him there)—he is fresh, and will call me in case I be wanted, or Mr Wagtail gets worse,"

I lay down, and soon fell fast asleep,and I remembered nothing untill I awoke about eleven o'clock next morning, and heard Mr Bang speaking to Wagtail, at whose bedside he was standing.

"Pepperpot,my dear be thankful—you are quite cool—a fine moisture on your skin this morning—be thankful, my little man—how did your blister rise?"

"My good friend," quoth Wagtail, in a thin weak voice, "I can't tell—I don't know; but this I perceive, that I am unable to rise, whether it has risen or no."

"Ah—weak," quoth Gelid, who had now entered the room.

"Nay," said Pepperpot, "not so weak as deucedly sore,and on a very unromantic spot my dears."

"Why,"said Aaron,"the pit of the stomach is not a very genteel department, nor the abdomen neither,"

"Why," said Wagtail, "I have no blister on either of these places, but if it were possible to dream of such a thing, I would say it had been clapped on"——

Here his innate propriety tongue-tied him.

"Eh?" said Aaron; "what—has the *caustico* that was intended for the *frontiers* of *Belgium* been clapped by mistake on the broad *Pays Bas?*"

And so in very truth it turned out; for while we slept, the patient had risen, and sat down on the blister that lay, as already mentioned, on a chair at his bedside, and again toppling into bed had fallen into a sound sleep from which he had but a few moments before the time I write of, awoke.

"Why, now," continued Aaron, to the Doctor of the Wave who had just entered—"why here is a discovery, my dear Doctor.—You clap a *hot* blister on a poor fellow's head to *cool* it,but Docter Cringle there has cooled Master Wagtail's brain by blistering his stern—eh?—Make notes, and mind you report this to the College of Surgeons."*

I cleared myself of these imputations.—Wagtail recovered our refitting was completed; our wood, and water, and provisions,replenished; and, after spending one of the happiest fortnights of my life, in one continued round of gaiety,I prepared to leave—with tears in my eyes I will confess—the clear waters, bright blue skies, glorious climate,and warm-heated community of Nassau, New Providence. Well might that old villain Blackbeard have made this sweet spot his favorite *rendezvous*. By the way,this sameJohn Teach or Blackbeard had fourteen wives in his lovely island; and I am not sure but I could have picked something approximating to the aforesaid number myself, with time and opportunity, from among such a galaxy of loveliness as then shone and sparkled in this dear little town. Speaking of the pirate Blackbeard, I ought to have related, that the morning before this, when I was at breakfast at Mrs C——s, the amiable, and beautiful, and innocent girl-matron—ay,you supercilious son of a sea-cook,you may turn up your nose at the expression, but if you could have seen the burthen of my song as I saw her, and felt the elegancies of her manner and conversation as I felt them—but let us stick to Blackbeard, if you please. We were all comfortably seated at breakfast; I had finished my sixth egg, had concealed a beautiful dried snapper, before whom even a *rizzard* haddock sank into insignificance, and was bethinking me of finishing off with a slice of Scotch mutton-ham, when in slid Mr Bang. He was received with all possible cordiality, and commenced operations very vigorously.

He was an amazing favorite of our hostess, (as where was he not a favorite?) so that it was some time before he even looked my way. We were in the midst of a discussion regarding the beauty of New Providence,and the West India Islands in general; and I was just remarking that nature had been liberal, that the scenery was unquestionably magnificent in the larger islands, and beautiful in the smaller; but there were none of those heart-stirring reminiscences, none of those thrilling electrcal associations, which vibrate to the heart at visiting scenes in Europe famous in antiquity—famous as the spot in which recent victories had been acheived—famous even for the very freebooters, who once held unlawful sway in the neighborhood. Why, there never has flourished hereabouts, for instance, even one thoroughly melo dramatic thief. Massa Aaron let me go on, until he had nearly finished his breakfast. At length he fired a shot at me.

"I say, Tom, you are expatiating, I see. Nothing heart-stirring,say you? In *new* countries it would bother you to have *old* associations certainly; and you have had your Rob Roy, I grant you, and the old country has had her Robin Hood. But has not Jamaica had her Three-fingered Jack? Ay, a more gentlemanlike scoundrel than either of the former. When did Jack refuse a piece of yam, and a cordial from his horn, to the wayworn man, white or black? When did he injure a woman? When did Jack refuse food and a draught of cold water, the greatest boon, in our ardent climate that he could offer, to a wearied chid? Oh, there was much poetry in the poor fellow! And here had they not that most melo dramatic (as you choose to word it) of thieves, *Black*beard, before whom *Blue*beard must for ever hide his diminished head? Why, Bluebeard had only one wife at a time,although he murdered five of them, whereas Blackbeard had seldom fewer than a dozen, and he was never known to murder above three. But I have fallen in with such a treasure! Oh, such a discovery! I have been communing with Noah himself—with an old negro, who remembers this very Blackbeard—the pirate Blackbeard."

"The deuce," said I; "impossible!"

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* In the manuscript Log forward to us by Mr Bang, who kindly undertakes to correct the proofs during his friend Cringle's absence in the North Sea, there is a leaf wafered in here, with the following in Mr Aaron's own handwriting—

"Master Tommy has allowed his fancy some small poetical licenses in this his Log. First of all, in Chapter XVI. he lays me out on the table, and makes the scorpion sting me in the night, at Don Ricardo Campana's whereas the villain himself was the hero of the story, and the man on whom N—— played off his tricks. But not content with this,he makes a bad pun, when speaking of Francesca Cangrejo, which he puts into my mouth, forsooth, as if I had not sins enough of my own to answer for, and then attains the climax of his evil-doing by killing me outright. And, secondly, in the present Chapter, he was in very truth the real King of the Netherlands, the integrity of whose low countries was violated, and not poor Wagtail—Squire Pepperpot, in his delirium, irritated by the part that Cringle had good-naturedly taken in endeavoring to clap the blister on his stomach, had watched his opportunity, and when all hands had fallen into a sound sleep, he got up and approached the sofa, where the *nautical* was snoozing. Tom, honest fellow, dreaming no harm, was luxuriating in the genial climate, and sleeping very much as we are given to believe little pigs do, as described in the old song,so that Pepperpot had no difficulty in applying the argument *a posteriori*, and having covered up the sleeping man-of-war, with the *caustico* adhering to his latter end like bird-lime, he retired noiseless as a cat to his own quarters. Time ran on ,and when the blister should have *risen* next morning on Wagtail's stomach, Captain Cringle could not *rise*,and the jest went round; but Thomas nevertheless went about as usual,and was the gayest of the gay, dancing and singing; but whenever he dined out, he always carried a *brechum* with him.—This I vouch for. A. B.

"But it is true. Why it is only ninety-four years ago since the scoundrel flourished, and this old cock is one hundred and ten. Why,I have jotted it down—worth a hundred pounds. Read, my adorable Mrs C——, read."

"But, my dear Mr Bang," said she, "had you not better read it yourself?"

"You, if you please," quoth Aaron, who forthwith set himself to make the best use of his time

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MEMOIR OF JOHN TEACH, ESQUIRE, VULGARLY CALLED BLACKBEAD, BY AARON BANG, ESQUIRE, F. R. S.

——"He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could discern his real thought.
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society."

John Teach, or Blackbeard, was a very eminent man—a very handsome man, and a very devil amongst the ladies.

He was a Welshman, and introduced the leek into Nassau about the year 1718, and was a very remarkable personage, although, from some singular imperfection in his moral constitution,he never could distinguish clearly between *meum* and *tuum*.

He found his patrimony was not sufficient to support him; and as he disliked agricultural pursuits as much as mercantile,he got together forty or fifty fine young men one day, and *borrowed* a vessel from some merchants that was lying at the Nore, and set sail for the Bahamas. On his way he fell in with several West Indiamen, and,sending a boat on board of each,he asked them for the *loan* of provisions and wine, and all their gold and silver, and clothes which request was in every instance but one civilly acceded to, whereupon drinking their good healths, he retumed to his ship. In the instance where he had been uncivilly treated, to shew his forbearance, he saluted them with twenty-one guns on returning to his ship; but by some accident the shot had not been withdrawn, so that unfortunately the contumacious ill-bred craft sank, and as Blackbeard's own vessel was very crowded, he was unable to save any of the crew. He was a great admirer of fine air,and accordingly established himself on the island of New Providence, and invited a number of elegant young men,who were fond of pleasure cruises, to visit him, so that presently he found it necessary to launch forth in order to *borrow* more provisions.

At this period he was a great dandy; and amongst other vagaries, he allowed his beard to grow a foot long at the shortest, and then plaited it into three strands, indicating that he was a Bashaw of no common dimensions.—He wore red breeches, but no stockings, and sandals of bullock's hide. He was a perfect Egyptian in his curiousness in fine linen, and his shirt was always white as the driven snow *when* it was clean, which was the first Sunday of every month. In waistcoats he was especially select; but the cut of them very much depended on the fashion in favor with the last gentleman he had *borrowed* any thing from. He never wore any thing but a full dress purple velvet coat, under which bristled three brace of pistols,and two naked stilettoes,only eighteen inches long, and he had generally a lighted match *fizzing* in the bow of his cocked scraper, whereat he lighted his pipe, or fired off a cannon, as pleased him.

One of his favorite amusements when he got half slewed, was to adjourn to the hold with his compotators and kindling some brimstone matches, to dance and roar, as if he had been the devil himself, until his allies were nearly suffocated. At another time he would blow out the candles in the cabin, and blaze away with his loaded pistols at random, right and left, whereby he severely wounded the feellings of some of his intimates by the poignancy of his wit, all of which he considered a most excellent joke. But he was kind to his fourteen wives so long as he was sober as it is known that he never murdered above three of them. His borrowing, however, gave offence to our government, no one can tell how; and at length two of our frigates, the Lime and Pearl, then cruising off the American coast, after driving him from his stronghold, hunted him down in an inlet in North Carolina, where,in an eight-gun schooner,with thirty desperate fellows, he made a defence worthy of his honorable life, and fought so furiously that he killed and wounded more men of the attacking party than his own crew consisted of; and following up his success,he, like a hero as he was,boarded,sword in hand, the head-most of the two armed sloops, which had been detached by the frigates,with ninety men on board, to capture him; and being followed by twelve men and his trusty lieu tenant, he would have carried her out and out, maugre the disparity of force,had he not fainted from loss of blood, and, falling on his back, died where he fell, like a hero—

"His face to the sky, and his feet to the foe"—

leaving seven forlorn widows being the fourteen wives,*minus* the three that he had throttled.

"No chivalrous associations indeed! Match me such a character as this."

We all applauded to the echo. But I must end my song,for I should never tire in dwelling on the happy days we spent in this most enchanting little island. The lovely blithe girls,and the hospitable kindhearted men, and the children! I never sow such cherubs, with all the sprightliness of the little pale-faced creoles of the West Indies, while the healthy bloom of Old England blossomed on their cheeks.

"I say, Tom," said Massa Aaron, on one occasion when I was rather tedious on the subject, "all those little *cherubs*, as you call them, at least the most of them, are the offspring of the cotton bales captured in the American war."

"The what?" said I.

"The children of the American war—and I will prove it thus—taking the time from no less an authority than Hamlet,when he chose to follow the great Dictator, Julius Cæsar himself,through all the corruption of our physical nature, until he found him stopping a beer barrel—(only imagine the froth of one of our *disinterested* friend Buxton's beer barrels, savouring of quassia, not hop, fizzing through the clay of Julius Cæsar the Roman!) —*as* thus: If there had never been no Yankee war,there would have been no prize cargoes of cotton sent into Nassau; if there had been no prize cargoes sent into Nassau,there would have been little money made; if there had been little money made, there would have been fewer marriages; if there had been fewer marriages, there would have been fewer cherubs. There is logic for you, my darling."

"Your last is a *non sequitur*, my dear sir," said I, laughing. "But, in the main, Parson Malthus is right, out of Ireland that is, after all."

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Among the many testimonials recently received of the salutary effect of these pills, the following *strong proof* is submitted for examination.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mason Knapen, dated Sudbury Vt. Sept. 3, 1828.

Dear Sir—It is with no ordinary interest that I undertake to recommend to the public the virtues of JEWETT'S Improved Vegetable Pills or German Specific, for the cure of indigestion,etc. My own case has been one of the most unconquerable kind, having long set at defiance medical aid, dieting exercises, and the more fashionable specific—the waters of Saratoga. Being totally prostrated in mind and body, I was induced, almost without hope, to make use of the above named Pills, and was surprised to find their powerful and favorable effects. My distressing symptoms daily decreased, and I am now almost entirely cured of a most distressing complaint, which, for seven years, had resisted a great variety of the most popular remedies.

Yours, respectfully,
MASON KNAPEN,
Minister of the Gospel, Sudbury, Vt.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman of Boston, received through the Boston Post-Office, dated Sept. 14, 1826.

Sir—I am induced by feelings of the liveliest gratitude to make known to the public the following cure by means of JEWETT'S Improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific. My complaint was the Dyspepsia, attended with pain in the side and stomach, loss of appetite, etc. I applied to several physicians, and used all the medicines generally prescribed to persons in my situation; but they proved ineffectual. At last, by the advice of a friend who had been cured of a case something similar to mine, I made trial of, the above-named Pills, and by my implicitly following the directions, they gave me almost *instant* relief, and by using two boxes more they effected a permanen. cure. I am now enjoying excellent health, and would heartily recommend to those persons laboring under dyspepsia, to make trial of the above medicine

Extract of a letter from Dr. Isaac Thompson, of New London, Conn. exhibiting further proof of the good effects of Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific, in cases of Indigestion, Liver Complaint, &c.

Having experienced in my family very great benefits from Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills or German Specific, I think it a duty to make known the same. My wife has for several years suffered much from a severe pain in the side, resulting in the opinion of her physicians, from a liver complaint, connected with indigestion. She had resorted to the best medicine, and which afforded but temporary relief. Having heard that the above named Pills had been used with great success in these complaints, they were used by my wife in one of her severe attacks with the happiest effects, and by continuing them a few weeks, she seemed almost wholly cured. Occasionally some slight symptoms of the disease appear, but they are speedily removed by recurrence to the above named remedy. ISAAC THOMPSON.

New London, July 9, 1831.

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Having employed Mr. William Brown's Self-Injecting India Rubber Apparatus, both in private practice and in the Massachusetts General Hospital, I can recommend it as well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended; while it is at least as effectual as the common instruments now in use, it possesses the advantages of being in a more portable form, of a more simple construction and consequently more easily kept in order, and of being afforded at a much less price.

GEORGE HAYWARD,
Junior Surgeon of the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

April 15th, 1833.

I concur in the opinion expressed above by Dr. Hayward. *JOHN WARE.*

U. S. Marine Hospital, April 18th, 1833.

Mr. Brown—The domestic instrument I received of you find upon a thorough trial to answer the expectations I had previously formed of it. Its simplicity of construction, its portableness, its being free from the liability to injury, and above all, the ease with which lavements may be administered by its means, have induced me to employ the instrument in this institution to the exclusion of all others formerly in use. *C. H. STEDMAN,*
Physician and Surgeon U. S. M. H.

The following Physicians hereby certify that we have, in our practice, used William Brown's Self-Injecting India Rubber Instrument, and find it as simple, commodious, and effectual an article of the kind as we have ever known; we have, therefore, no hesitation in pronouncing it to be a valuable instrument, and recommend it for general use.

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JOHN D. FISHER,
SAMUEL G. HOWE, } Boston.
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Boston, April 16th, 1833.

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Library of the Medical Sciences. The Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine and Surgery—a digest of medical literature. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Part I.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of Religion; with notes and illustrations by the editor of "Capt Rock's Memoirs."

Godolphin—a novel, in two volumes.

Misserimus. On a grave-stone in Worcester Cathedral is this emphatic inscription, "Misserimus"—with neither name nor date. comment nor text. "It is written with great power, and consequently read with ravenous avidity."

Historical Tales of Illustrious British Children. By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Rival Crusoes," &c.

Perils of the Sea;—being authentic narratives of remarkable and affecting disasters upon the deep.

The Aphorisms of Hippocrates; with a double translation. By James W. Underwood.

The French Drama—A selection of the best Comedies of Moliere, accompanied with explanatory notes and critical remarks—by A Gambert, 3 vols.

Markham's History of England—A history of England, from the first invasion by the Romans, to the end of the reign of George the Third,with cuts—4th edition, 2 vols.

Vol 8 Connecticut Reports—Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errors of the State of Connecticut—prepared and published in pursuance of a statute law of the state—by Thomas Day.

july 27

Spring Assortment,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PLAIN bow, plaited and drawn Silk, Satin, Velvet, Snakeskin and Bombazine Stocks, from $3 to $20 per dozen.

Silk, Cotton, India Rubber and Worsted Net and Web Suspenders, with double and single fronts, springs, rollers, and plain, from 50 cts to $18 per dozen.

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Fine Scented Soaps, etc etc.

For sale at *KIMBALL'S* Stock and Suspender Manufactory, Linen Drapery, Hosiery and Glove Store, No. 12, Washington street, tf april 27

Boston Coffee House,

CORNER OF DEVONSHIRE AND MILK STS. BOSTON.

(FORMERLY GALLAGHER'S.)

THE subscriber having taken the above mentioned establishment,which has recently undergone a thorough repair, begs leave respectfully to inform his friends and the public that he will be prepared at all reasonable times to provide them every luxury the market affords, the produce of sea and land;—his Bar will be supplied with choice old Wines and Liquors. It being the intention of the subscriber that his establishment shall be inferior to none in the city, and to superintend, in person, every branch of his business, he hopes the public will afford him that patronage which has been bestowed on others. Parties, Clubs, Military and Fire Companies, &c. &c. will be furnished with retired rooms and Suppers at the shortest notice. Steaks, Chops, &c. will be served up at all hours of the day and evening. Soups ready every day from ten till two o'clock.

*** Families can be supplied with Hot Dinners, sent to any part of the city.

The establishment was opened on Wednesday last.

ALEXANDER McGREGOR.

N. B. A few boarders can be accommodated with pleasant rooms. may 4

NEW BOOKS.

LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, have just received

The Stolen Child. A Tale of the Town—founded on a certain interesting fact. By John Galt, author of "Annals of the Parish," &c.

Bridgwater Treatises on the Power,Wisdom,and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. Treatise II. On the adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man. By J. Kidd, M. D.

The Northern Traveller and Nothern Tour; with the routes to the Springs, Niagara, Quebec, and the Coal Mines of Pennsylvania. Also, Tour of New England.

Harper's Family Library. No. LVII. A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature; or Hints of Inducements to the study of Natural Productions and Appearances, in their connexions and relations. By Robert Mudie, author of the 'British Naturalist.'

Fidler's Observations on Professions, Literature, Manners and Emigration, in the United States and Canada, made during a residence there in 1832. By Rev. Isaac Fidler.

The Book of Nature. No. 1. Embracing a condensed survey of the Animal Kingdom, as well as sketches of Botany, Vegetable Anatomy, Geology, Mineralogy, &c. &c. &c embellished with numerous splendid engravings; edited by an Association of Scientific Gentlemen, of Philadelphia; published monthly at $5 a year; single numbers 50 cents.

Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Wit and Sentiment,with a fine steel plate engraving, of the latest fashion, and several Wood Engravings. No 7. for July. Price $2,50 per annum.

A Treatise on Neuralgic Diseases, by Thos. Pridgin Teale; at a reduced price.

A French and English Dictionary, containing full explanations, definitions, synonyms, idioms, preverbs, terms of arts and science, and rules of pronunciation in each language, compiled by the Rev Joseph Wilson,late professor of French in St Gregory's College.

Waverly Anecdotes. Illustrative of the incidents characters and scenery described in the Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 2 vols. july 20

New-England Magazine.

THIS day published by J. T. BUCKINGHAM, No. XXVI. of the New England Magazine, for August, 1833.

CONTENTS.

Original Papers.—Art. 1. A New Translation of the Bible. 2. The Devil among the Books. 3. Select Sentences. 4. Thoughts on the Study of the Greek and Latin Languages, No 2. 5. Margaret Bell's Vow. 6.—Letter on Slavery. 7. Sonnet. 8. My Books. No 8.—Valpy's Greek Grammar. 9. The Temperance Pledge.—10. Stanzas. 11. An Address delivered before the inhabitants of Worcester, on the Fourth of July, 1833. By Edward Everett.

12. Literary Notices. 13. Politics and Statistics. 14. Obituary Notices. 15. Our File.

☞ Subscriptions received by all the Booksellers, and by the Publisher in Congress street. aug 3

Fashionable Stocks.

KIMBALL, 12 Washington-street, is constantly manufacturing and adding to his already extensive assortment of rich and low priced STOCKS, of every color, style and fashion as soon as worn. He has for sale Stocks by the dozen from $2 upwards, on such terms as cannot fail to suit purchasers at wholesale.

July 20.

Waldie's Circulating Library,

NO. 19, containing Rambles of a Naturalist, by the late Dr. Godman. Just published by LILLY, WAIT & CO. may 25

John H. Copp,

20 STATE STREET, has for sale a rich assortment of French, English and American *BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS.*

Also—a large quantity of Ready Made Clothing.

april 20 tf

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A YOUNG man well qualified to carry on the Tailoring business in a busy and thriving village may hear of such a situation, and be furnished with means to conduct the business to good advantage—by applying at No 5 State street. july 27

Carter, Hendee & Co.

No 131 Washington street,

HAVE just published The Waverly Anecdotes, illustrative of the Incidents, Characters and Scenery, described in the Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott, Bart, 2 vols.

"The work is beautifully printed on fine paper, and bound in purple embossed cambric. Few readers will hesitate to say that these volumes themselves are equal in interest to any of Scott's works, while they at the same time impart an additional value to them. No reader of Scott should be without the work, and every one who does possess it, will most certainly become his reader, as he never were before."—Morning Post and Statesman.

"It deserves a circulation commensurate with that of the Waverly Novels themselves. It throws much light upon many passages, which have not been fully explained even in the notes of the last edition of these unrivalled fictions."—Evening Gazette.

"I will be readily perceived what must be the interest of these volumes."—Mercantile Journal.

Mackenzie on the Eye. A practical Treatise on the Eye, by William Mackenzie, Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow, and one of the Surgeons to the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. Reprinted from the London edition,under the superintendence of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

The Introductory Discourse and the Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, in Boston, August 1833, including a prize essay on Penmanship, published under the direction of the Board of Censors.

The District School as it Was, by one who went to it—Intended to be an aid to the improvements which is going on in respect to common schools,and also presents a pleasant picture of some peculiarities which have prevailed in our Country Schools. aug 3

Marine Telegraph.

THE undersigned keeps constantly on hand, for the supply of Vessels, *Sets of Telegraph Flags, with a Designating Number and Signal Book.*

To enable Vessels at Sea to communicate intelligence to each other, and to the shore, when they are approaching it, as well as to announce their arrival in our Bay, are objects of primary importance to Owners, Shipmasters, and all concerned. Among the many advantages derived from the use of the MARINE TELEGRAPH FLAGS are the following: Vessels, as long as they continue within visible distance of each other, without altering their course can communicate any species of intelligence,either their names, from what Port they came, what voyage they have had, what Vessels they have met, what Vessels they have left in Port, or that had preceded them; if in want of provisions, stores, water, or assistance of any kind; their latitude, longitude, casualties, or any observations they have made during their voyage. With such facilities, no Shipmaster or Owner ought to permit their Vessels to go to Sea, without furnishing them with these simple means of communicating and conversing in a language that is becoming universal on the Ocean. It is not merely in a *Mercantile* or *Commercial*, but NATIONAL point of view, that the Marine Telegraph Flags should be regarded.

Just published, THE UNITED STATES TELEGRAPH VOCABULARY, containing twelve thousand significations of words, phrases, and sentences, adapted to the use of the Holyhead and Marine Telegraph Numerals. Also, just published, the second edition of ELFORD'S MARINE TELEGRAPH SIGNAL BOOK.

JOHN R. PARKER,
Conductor of the Telegraph at the Observatory,
No 28 Central Wharf, Boston.
aug 3 4w

BOOKS.

LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, have received,

The Life and Adventures of Dr Dodimus Duckworth, A. N. Q to which is added a history of a Steam Doctor in 2 vols—by the author of "A Yankee among the Nullifiers."

Lives of Philanthropists. Vol 1. John Howard by Mrs John Farrar, author of 'Congo in search of his Master,' 'The Children's Robinson Crusoe,' and the 'Story of the Life of Lafayette.' Being Vol 2d of the Sunday Library for Young Persons, edited by Rev Henry Ware jr.

Episcopal Prayer Book: According to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America.

Aunt Ellen and her Pupils—or a week at Beech Grove.

The Medico Chirurgical Review, and Journal of Practical Medicine. Edited by James Johnson.

The Cerebro Spinal Axis of Man. From the French of M. Manee.

The Shaksperian Dictionary: A general Index to the popular passages in the works of Shakspeare.

Lecture on Lotteries, by Geo Wm Gordon, before the Young men's society. aug 3

Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

THE Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. including a Tour to the Hebrides, an account of his Studies, and numerous works in Chronological order; a series of his epistolary correspondence and conversation,with many eminent persons; and various original pieces,never before published. The whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for nearly half a century, during which he flourished. By James Boswell, Esq— A new edition in 2 volumes with numerous additions and notes, by John Wilson Croker, LL.D. F. R. S. This day published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. aug 3

Reduced Price.

EVER POINTED PENCIL CASES. KIMBALL, 12 Washington street, has an extensive assortment of Addison & Co's Ever Pointed Pencil Cases for sale at low prices. Wholesale or retail. april 20

Ladies' Family Library, Vol. 3.

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WIVES.

"When a good woman
Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good so e'er before."

THIS is the third volume of a series of books called the Ladies' Family Library, edited by Mrs Child, author of the 'Mother's Book,' the 'Frugal Housewife,' &c &c.

The series is collected from various authentic sources and written in a new and concise form by the Editor. It embraces all manner of subjects that can be useful or amusing to ladies. Each volume is illustrated with a good engraving.

The volumes are published—Vol 1—The Biographies of Madame de Stael and Madame Roland.

Vol 2. The Biographies of Madame Guyon and Lady Russel.

Other Volumes are in preparation, and will be shortly published. This day published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. aug 3

The New Oblique Pens.

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Boston School Book Depository.

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Memoir of Sylvio Pellico,

AND Madame Dard's Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Medusa, and the Sufferings of the Picard Family; being No 3, for July 30, of Waldie's Select Circulating Library.

The Metropolitan, No 18 Contents—The Poor-laws continued—Song, after the French of Beranger—Tweddle on Tweedside—Greek Anthology, No 1—French Revolution. Published this day by LILLY, WAIT & CO 121 Washington street. aug 3

GEORGE W. CHASE,

HAIR CUTTER,

No. 9, TREMONT HOUSE

may 18 6m

Illustrations of Political ECONOMY.

NO. XI. French Wines and Politics—a tale. By H. Martineau Just received by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street. june 29

India Rubber Table Covers.

A SMALL consignment consisting of a few dozen 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 India Rubber Table Cloths, said to be a very capital article, for sale at David Kimball's, No. 6, Washington st July 27